The Mapleton Item.

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The Economists and Marriage.

In the western part of this state is a sect known as Economists. Many years ago they founded the town of Economy; matrimony was renounced and in business, as well as in all other repects, they were strict communists. An immense amount of wealth has been accumulated, the old people have largely been transferred to a better world and the circumstances indicated that if the order of things be not changed, when the last of the Economists would die a vast sum of money and many hundred thousands of dollars worth of property, would be without a claimant. In view of such a possibility the question has been thoroughly discussed by these truely christian people and they have wisely concluded to drop the doctrine of celibacy and permit the members to marry. Anent this action, the ITEM presents the views recently expressed by Mrs. Frank Leslie on this subject.

"Men and women were intended for each other; they were intended to marry and become pareuts. The human race is to be carried on, and the waste places of the globe are yet to be peopled, and this great sweep of the circle of infinity is not to be clipped out and thrown aside by the architects of Benedict chambers. Perhaps the gilded youth of New York, London, Paris and Vienna will inhabit such chambers and live and die in them; and please fancy such a deathbed! But the world will go on, men and maidens will love and marry and will rear up children to follow their example so long as the world endures; and well for the world is it that these things thus should be, for this is the natural life, and, in following out such laws, both the race and the individual will find its highest development, and therefore highest happiness.

The unmarried man, and, more especially, the unmarried woman, has not filled his or her amplest sphere of existence, and cannot be called a success, what ever he or she has achieved, for they leave the place they stood vacant when they fall, and the world, although it may be wiser, cannot be the richer because they lived.

It is hardly worth while, however, to fret very much over the perversity of those who will not follow out this benign law of nature, or too severely scold the selfish Benedicts, or the silly, extravagant girls who discourage them; for, after all, they are only obeying another law of not so much nature as destiny—one of these bits of quiet irony with which that "Destiny which shapes our ends, rough hew how we may," often diversifies her labors. Look through the history of the world' that is of its civilized nations, and you will find every one of them governed by this unwritten but unchanging law; while life is simple, the need of population confessed, and communities small, marriage will be looked upon as desirable and nearly all young persons will seek, desire and accomplish it. Life will be easy, and children will spring up like buttercups in June,

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Proud Mother.—"Oh, John! the baby can walk!"

Cruel Father.—"Good! He can walk the floor at night with himself, then."—Detroit *News*.

The Charm of a Sweet Voice.

I met the other day one of the most fashionable woman in the city and the thing about her that charmed me most was her perfectly trained voice. It was low and melodious, never raised above a certain pitch, but her enunciation was perfectly clear. A sweet, low voice is one of the most seductive charms in a woman, and yet how seldom one is found. The major ity of woman do not seem to realize this, and one's ears are constantly being tortured by the sound of a loud, shrill voice. At a restaurant where, I frequently dine comes very often a pretty young woman with her mother, and when I see her coming I want to go. She has a high pitched cracked, old woman's voice, that takes away my appetite and sets my nerves on edge. At a recent afternoon reception a handsome lady entered and began to talk. As soon as she began every one else stopped and listened, for her voice was so loud and harsh that it drowned every other. She was clever, and what she said was worth listening to but it was torture to the sensitive ear. The spell of a beautiful face is often broken by a harsh, uncultivated voice, while a sweet voice almost makes a plain face pretty. I would turn round in a crowd to discover the owner of an attractive voice, but I would not turn round in the street to catch a second glimpse of a pretty face. Pretty faces are common enough, one sees them everywhere, but a thoroughly refined, cultivated and sweetly modulated voice is indeed rare.

Care of the Teeth.

At the meeting in Berlin last spring of the German Association of American Dentists, the best means of preserving the teeth were discussed, and Dr. Richter, of Breslau, said: "We know that the whole method of correctly caring for the teeth can be expressed in two words—brush, soap. In these two things we have all that is needful for the preservation of the teeth. All the preparations not containing soap are not to be recommended, and if they contain soap all other ingredients are useless except for the purpose of making their taste agreeable. Among the soaps the white castile soap of the English market is especially to be recommended. A shower of tooth preparations has been thrown on the market, but very few of which are to be recommended. Testing the composition of them, we find that about 90 per cent are not only unsuitable for their purpose, but that the greater part are actually harmful. All the preparations containing salicylic acid are, as the investigations of Fernier have shown, destructive of teeth. He who will unceasingly preach to his patients to brush their teeth carefully shortly before bedtime, as a cleaning material to use castile soap, as a mouth wash a solution of oil of peppermint in water, and to cleanse the spaces between the teeth, by careful use of a silken thread will help them in preserving their teeth, and will win the gratitude and good words of the public."

It was the butcher who remarked that fore quarters were less than the whole.—Cincinnati *Commercial*.

What Causes this Weather.

Much has been said about the weather and it is an ever fruitful topic of conversation. Many theories have been proposed for the marvelous weather of the present season, but the following, if it be established as a true one, is the most satisfactory one yet advanced. It was published in the *Washington Post* some days ago:

"Don't use my name and I will give you my theory of the present unusual weather," said a mariner of fifty-five years' experience, who was preparing to leave the city last evening on a sea voyage. "I am not ashamed of the theory, understand, but I dislike to have it to appear that I am going about seeking newspaper notoriety.

The desired promise was made and the old seadog explained as follows:

"We have really undergone a change of seasons, to a certain extent, and all this is caused by the change of the Gulf stream. The Gulf stream is now runing 100 miles nearer the eastern shore than it was one year ago. My idea is this change is caused by some unusuual upheaval in the bottom of the ocean, but be that as it may, we have such a condition of affairs as I describe. This unusal change has effected our weather and to it is due the frequent and disastrous rains of last summer, and it is this which caused such unseasonable weather as we are now having. The scientists may laugh at this theory, but if you will ask any old sailor he will tell you what I state is true, and it would not be a bad idea for the Weather Bureau to take this into consideration in making its predictions. At any rate I think they will agree with me that there is something badly out of joint."

The Pittsburgh *Times* thinks it would be the proper thing to establish savings banks in connection with the public schools, and supports its opinion with the following argument: "The children of this country should be taught the importance of saving small sums. The tenor of our every-day life is in the opposite direction. On all hands are inducements to spend, with few or no counteracting influences. So long as there is no danger of making children parsimonious, narrow and mean, meas ures should be taken for inculcating the habit of saving. Could the aggregate of the small sums uselessly spent be known at the end of the year, it would be an amazing showing. Teaching the children forms the adult, and what better lesson can there be than that of economy, and where a better place than the common school? Habits of thrift in the child lay the foundation of character in the man and woman. The spirit of enterprise is thrift, in practice. It is a good kind of education anywhere."

A speech from the thrown—"Blast that mule."—Boston *Bulletin*.

Has no redress—The man with but one suit of clothes.—Gusky's *Montoly's*.

A hen is conscientious.—Her chief object in life is to fill the bill.—Binghamton *Republican*.

The turns in a politician's road that lose him oftenest, are the returns.—Binghamton *Republican*.

RUSSIAN HABITS.

PAPER II.

In my former paper I mentioned the cruelty of Ignotto, who was temporary ruler of Russia in the interval between the death of the former Czar and the coronation of the present one. Since writing that paper, I learn that the same cruel man has been made governor of Kiove. The people of that territory will not, in my opinion, derive any pleasure from his appointment, as he has already made and executed some laws very injurious to the laboring class. Should any of the officers under him be better than he, they will soon be dismissed and their places filled by those who are in sympathy with the governor.

In addition to the regular taxes mentioned in my former paper, special taxes can be and very frequently are assessed for the benefit of the ruling class and these are collected regardless of the fact that many of those who pay them are starving.

The busiest day in Russia is the Sabbath. The merchants, rumsellers, shoemakers, tailors, and all other tradesmen are allowed to keep their places of business open the same as any other day. People do most of their marketing and all kinds of business flourish. The privilege to trade on this day is made a source of revenue to the ruling class, the license fees being as follows: Saloon, $81 per year; a first-class dry goods store, $270; a grocery store, 40 rubles or $21.60; tobbacconist, 25 rubles or $13.50. All mechanics are also required to pay an annual license. So oppressed are the poorer classes by such extortions that they cannot have comfortable homes, nor can they dress comfortably in cold weather.

So much for a general view of the country. In my next I will deal particularly with the manners and customs of Eastern Russia.

PHILIP AARON.

How to Whittle a Pencil.

"It really makes me tired to see the average man sharpen a pencil," said an old newspaper man in a stationery store lately. "He will cut his fingers, cover them with dirt and blacken them with lead dust and still will not sharpen the pencil.

"There is but one way to sharpen a lead pencil and that is to grasp it firmly with the point from you and not toward you. Take your knife in the other hand and whittle away as if you had lots of pencils to waste. By following these directions and turning the pencil over you will soon have it neatly and regularly sharpened, and your fingers will be unsoiled and you will not need any court plaster to put on the wounds, because you cannot cut your fingers when whittliing from them.

"This method is the best whether the knife is dull or sharp. If the pencil is a soft one there is no sense sharpening the lead. Simply cut away the wood, and in writing turn the pencil over, thus writing with the sides of the lead.

"Another disgusting and senseless habit is in placing the pencil in the mouth when writing. This is a relic of the days when the pencils were all as hard as flint and before the manufacturers were able to produce the smooth, soft pencils that are used to-day. This continual dampening of the lead will harden even a good graphite pencil and make it hard and gritty. It is simply a habit, anyway, and most habits are bad ones."

A Presage.

I have a friend, a dear one.
Her name—but why I confess?
You very rarely hear one
More fascinating—guess!
Her merry voice is sweeter
Than any rillet's flow;
Her laugh has more of metre
Than any song I know.

Her lovely eyes that lighten
When robins softly sing
Are like the skies that brighten
At dawn in early spring;
Her cheeks—his brain is duller
Than dunce's who'll not own
They've all the pinky color
Of apple buds half blown.

You will agree it's pleasant
That such a one should send
Each year a charming present
To me, "her dearest friend."
And this year I've a presage—
It makes my pulses start—
That with a tender message
She'll give to me her heart.

—*Bissell Clinton in Harper's Magazine.*

"A NICE OLD WOMAN."

BY FLORENCE ALLEN.

"Oh dear!"

It was a pretty little face which was all puckered up into such a lot of worried little wrinkles; pretty in spite of the shadow of care in the fair blue eyes, and the tired drop at the corner of the girlish mouth. The owner of the face and the wrinkles and the blue eyes and the mouth in question, was a slight, rather delicate-looking girl of about 18 who stood, attired in a faded calico dress, in the doorway of a small wood-colored cottage (or "cabin" as they more truthfully call such edifices in the mountains) looking out at the sunny slope of the road before her.

Two fresh-faced smiling girls of her own age had just gone by, stopping to say a pleasant word or two as they passed; and the sight of their pretty, though simple, lawn dresses and floating ribbons had brought, as they departed, those worried wrinkles to the face that should have been as bright as theirs, and the impatient exclamation with which our story begins to her generally uncomplaining lips.

As a general thing Phrosy Miller (she was Euphrosyne by rights, through the instrumentality of her father, who had found the name in his somewhat limited reading, and had delighted in its long-drawn sweetness,) was a very cheerful and contented girl in spite of the troubles and hard work that had come into her young life so early; but, just at present, there was something especial upon her mind, and that was the picnic.

It was to be in just four weeks from today, and all the girls were going; and she, who had stayed at home so much and so patiently for the last year, felt as though she really must go, too. But how? That was the question that brought the worried little wrinkles to the front so conspicuously. All the girls were going to have new lawn dresses and fresh ribbons for the occasion, and "do up" her blue muslin as best she could (and she was something wonderful in the laundress line all her neighbors said,) it would not look any way but old and faded; and her ribbons—well, her small stock thereof had been cleaned and dyed and "done over" so often that they were merely a travesty upon their kind. Of course a new dress and the requisite adornments would cost very little; but, as Phrosy said, tersely but truly, "If diamonds could be bought for a nickel apiece and one didn't have the nickel, where would be the comfort of it?"

Money had been very tight in the Miller family ever since Mr. Miller's long illness, ending in his death, had put the little household under a load of debt which seemed at first, simply overwhelming.

Ben Miller—a wild and reckless young fellow he had been while his father was well and strong and able to care for the mother and sister—had steadied down wonderfully and taken the burden of existence on his shoulders patiently and manfully. Mrs. Miller and Phrosy had economized in every way, even to the extent of taking some of the many woodchoppers about as boarders, and they had worked early and late and sewed and denied themselves until the debt was paid, and the future began to look a little brighter. Then fate frowned on them once again. Mrs. Miller, a large, heavy and somewhat unwieldy woman, in going down the back-steps one day made a misstep and fell, receiving an injury to her side which made her utterly helpless. Since then Phrosy had found life harder than ever. Additional doctor's bills piled in upon them; Mrs. Miller instead of helping as before was now as helpless as a baby and so nervously irritable that keeping boarders longer was an impossibility even had Phrosy been able to do the work. So it was that every cent that came into the family had to be earned by Ben; and so it was that the new lawn dress, so ardently desired, seemed to be among the impossibilities of existence, for Ben's wages were small at best and there were at least a dozen ways for every dollar.

And Phrosy thought altogether too much of her patient and kind-hearted brother, who denied himself so much to keep her and his invalid mother from want, to add to his burdens by telling him her own troubles.

"If there was only something that I could do myself to earn a little money," she said to herself, "but there doesn't seem to be. Mother wouldn't hear to my running the machine steadily, even if I could get sewing to do, and there is nothing else. It's a hopeless case, I guess." And, sighing heavily, Phrosy turned to enter the house in answer to a fretful call from within, but as she did so her eyes fell upon the clothes-line in the side-yard.

"In one minute, mother," she said cheerily. "I'll just bring Ben's shirts in as I come by,—they're all ready to raw-starch and I can iron them by the supper fire."

How white and clean and sweet they were! As Phrosy gathered them into a stiffly awkward bundle in her arms she could not help bending her head to inhale the "smell of outdoors" (as she called it) that came from them.

"They smell different from Chinese washing," she thought. "There's one thing certain,—poor as we are Ben's shirts are always the nicest done up in town," and then as that thought passed through her mind it left an inspiration behind it.

That night after supper, when Ben was resting himself from his day's labor by "puttering" around the chicken-house and back-yard generally, and Mrs. Miller was chatting with a neighbor who had opportunely dropped in, Phrosy, pleading an errand at the store, slipped away from them all and proceeded to put her inspiration to the test of practicality.

"It might be a good idea," said kindly Mrs. Jenkins, to whom she had gone in her emergency, "but there's so many o' them plaguey Chinese around that it brings prices down dreadful, and most folks don't care how a thing is done so it is done cheap."

"But my things don't smell of opium and nastiness as the Chinamen's do," averred Phrosy stoutly, "there must be some one who would rather pay a little higher and have things nice."

"Such folks is scarcer than diamonds in dust heaps," was the sententious reply. "I would myself, of course, but old Ma'am Gilman has kind of got a mortgage on me, and though she's failing dreadful and don't send things home fit to be seen some weeks, I kinder can't go back on her all at once."

"Of course not," assented Phrosy unhesitatingly, "that isn't what I want at all. But—see here—you ask Joe to inquire around up to Loren's mill and I do believe he'll find something for me. I don't care to say a word to Ben or he'd fly all to pieces—nor you needn't tell Joe who it is that wants the things—just let him say 'some one who'll do them the best they can be done and needs the money.'"

"All right," said Mrs. Jenkins, "I'll keep it as still as mice, whether it turns out well or not. You come by tomorrow night and I'll tell you the verdict." And so, full of hopes and fears and fond imaginings, Phrosy went home.

The next night Mrs. Jenkins met her with her broad face beaming. "I've got six for you," she said, delightedly, "and six times two bits is a dollar and a half! you are in luck, Phrosy! 'Tain't one of the mill hands either, but a young fellow that has bought out the old Bradbury ranch. He's been up to the city for the last week and more and come home with about a carload of dirty things—its been that hot up there, Joe says, that you can't keep nothing decent two minutes, and old Mrs. Bulgal that cooks up there don't know beans about doing up, so the grist naturally comes to your mill, and I'm glad of it for one."

"And I for two," answered Phrosy gleefully, and then, with a light and thankful heart she took possession of her somewhat bulky bundle and went merrily homeward.

The next day six white shirts fluttered upon the Millers' clothes-line; the next day—stiff and shiny and odorous only of Heaven's pure breezes—they went to their owner, and Joe brought back to his mother in return the silver which looked to Phrosy brighter and better than silver ever looked before. He brought something else, too, an overgrown bundle of shirts which had evidently seen sorrow and had not lived the lives that aristocratic white shirts ought to live.

"These belong to the mill boys," he explained, "they got a sight at the others and nothing to do but they must send these down. They're a pretty hard lot," (meaning the shirts and not the mill boys) "but I guess your old woman can get 'em clean, mother."

And his mother, chuckling a little as she thought of "her old woman" took the bundle and informed her son that anything of the kind was welcome until further orders.

That week, in the neighbors' estimations, Ben Miller fairly blossomed with shirts, for the number of those useful and ornamental garments that hung on the Millers' line was something absolutely unprecedented.

"Thirteen shirts for one poor workingman is the worst I ever heard!" asseverated the woman next door, whose propinquity gave her, in her own estimation, a right to criticise the Millers with more frankness than "manners." "I wouldn't slave myself to death for the sake of Ben's vanity if I was his sister!"

But Phrosy smiled serenely.

"I don't call Ben over vain myself," she answered, "and I'm sure I am not slaving myself to death or near it for any one, and as long as I'm satisfied I don't see what difference the size of my washings ought to make to any one else." And with this the officious and would-be inquisitive neighbor was forced to retire discomfited.

Phrosy went to the picnic under Mrs. Jenkins' protecting wing (one of Mrs. Miller's whilom cronies consenting gladly to come and spend the day with her) and she had on a fresh pink lawn and ribbons to match and looked for all the world like a peach-blossom.

The picnic was near the "old Bradbury ranch" and its new owner—a tall, sun-burned, masterful young fellow with a plain, sensible face and a pair of eyes that seemed to Phrosy the kindest that she had ever seen—made them welcome to his home and was as hospitable as a true Californian always is; and some way Phrosy was shyly conscious, after the first, that those kind eyes looked a trifle more kindly upon her than they did upon some of the more noticeable girls.

Phrosy was always one of the useful ones, and when it fell to her lot to oversee the arrangement of the lunch her new acquaintance very quietly disengaged himself from the others and devoted himself to her assistance, and Ben Miller, looking on from a distance, saw and approved.

"Phrosy's worth her weight in gold," he said to himself, "and Dalton is just the kind of a fellow that she ought to have. I'd give four bits to have it turn out that way."

That night Phrosy came home tired but radiant. John Dalton had harnessed up his two-horse team and brought part of the picnickers down to the village himself, "just to be sociable," he had said; and he had invited her to sit beside him on the front seat, and he had, moreover, told Ben that he was coming down to play him a game of checkers now and then when the evenings got a little longer.

What wonder was it that the world seemed rose-colored to Phrosy? and what wonder was it that when John Dalton—not waiting for the evenings to lengthen perceptibly—made his appearance in her home and, after making friends with her mother, proceeded to devote himself especially to that lady's daughter, that she thought herself the happiest girl in the world. Only one thing shadowed her heart. Supposing that he should be angry when he found out that the shirts, which still came, through Mrs. Jenkins, to that mysterious "old woman" were her task, and that he was making love to his washerwoman? That fear made her almost cowardly after she began to feel that she was growing to care for this quiet, manly, young fellow as she had never cared for any one else before; and although she knew that she must tell him some day, she put that day off as long as possible and grew, girl-fashion, as nervous and feverish and miserable as possible over her innocent little secret, until even her mother noticed that Phrosy was "fretting" as she called it, and wondered thereat.

One day, John Dalton brought matters to a focus by simply and seriously asking Phrosy if she could make up her mind to come to him, and let him take care of her as he had longed to do ever since he first met her.

"I think that I fell in love with you at first sight," he said, in his straightforward way, "and ever since then I have been hoping that you would let me make things easier for you some day. Do you care for me enough to be my wife, Phrosy?"

Poor Phrosy!—she blushed and hesitated and then put out her hands like a frightened child.

"I—I am afraid I do," she faltered, "but first I must tell you about—about the shirts!"

John Dalton was mystified, but certainly there was nothing about shirts that could separate them. He prisoned the pleading hands lovingly and smiled down into her blushing face. "Never mind the shirts," he said, "Ben must get some one else to do his up for the future; and, as for me, you'll never have any trouble about mine, for there is a nice old woman who does mine up like new—you couldn't get the job away from her if you wanted to, my dear."

Phrosy's face was a sight to see now, between laughing and crying, embarrassment and half-frightened amusement. "Oh, John Dalton!" she said, pushing him away very feebly, "you'll never want to marry me now, for it isn't Ben's shirts I am thinking of at all—it's yours; and I—I never meant to deceive you at all, but I wanted a new dress so badly, at first; and then, afterwards, it was such an easy way to earn a little, and it helped along so. Please don't be angry, and please don't laugh, but I'm the 'nice old woman,' John, and I am very sorry!"

* * * * *

Phrosy Miller is Mrs. John Dalton now, and is as happy as possible in her lovely home, where her mother has grown strong and well, and where Ben has always a room and place of his own. She doesn't "do up" shirts at all now, for the babies claim her attention; but as her husband's linen is always immaculate it is to be supposed that some other "nice old woman" has been found who gives satisfaction in that line.—*The Housewife.*

How the Trout Was Caught.

Otis Goddard of East Hill, walked into Blakesley, Penn., the other day to have his oxen shod. While waiting in the blacksmith shop, the brawny young backwoodsman told this fish story, declaring that Jack Hayner, who was with him when he caught the trout, would swear to every word of his statement. Fer months Goddard had tried to land a wily old trout that lurked in one of the deep pools in Tobyhanna Creek. He had angled, he said, with flies, grasshoppers, worms, minnows and other kinds of bait, but he couldn't get the big trout to notice any of them. He had seen the cunning speckled fellow time and again and he wanted him ever so much. One day in July he caught a little deer mouse in the pasture, and he stuck his hook through the loose skin on the mouse's neck and threw it into the pool. It was a lively swimmer, but it hadn't swam six feet before the trout gobbled it with a dash that sent his snout out of the water. That was an unfortunate move for the trout, because within five seconds Goddard had him flopping on dry land, with his hat over the fighting beauty. The trout weighed two pounds and fourteen ounces, Goddard declared.

A Touching Episode.

A statue commemorating a touching little episode in the life of the late German emperor, Frederick, is about to be erected at Kaiserslauten. When Frederick was crown prince he visited one of the orphan asylums of that town. Among the children was a sickly and sad-faced little boy. Frederick noticed him, took him in his arms and thereupon agreed to become his godfather. The child, to whom a caress was a stranger, appeared somewhat frightened at first, but soon got over his difficulty and began to play with the Prince's medals and decorations. The statue in question will represent the Prince with a baby in his arms, and the youngster tugging at his cordons and crosses.

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

A famous German physician says that more Americans kill themselves by eating too fast than by all other diseases combined.

Dr. Burden Sanderson notes that morphology and physiology have now diverged so widely that they are likely soon to become regarded as two distinct sciences.

Copies of rare books and editions are now manufactured in Germany and France by means of a chemical process. The fac-similes are good, but their durability is uncertain.

A chemical compound, it is said, has been discovered in England which, if sprinkled on coal while it is being burned, will prevent smoke, and a large company has been formed in London to utilize the smokeless patent.

The oldest mark of human life is believed to be a flint idol recently brought up from a depth of 320 feet by a sand-pump near Boise City, Idaho, and now in the possession of Professor G. Frederick Wright of Oberlin college.

The flooding of a Fiji plantation by an unusually high tide lately resulted in the important discovery that disease of bananas may be prevented, and a healthy growth secured in young plants, by the application of sea-water to the ground.

The skin of a corpse has been successfully transplanted to a living person by Dr. Bartens. Upon the legs of a scalded boy were placed twenty eight small grafts, taken from the body of a lunatic who died about twenty minutes before, and of these twenty-four united.

It is next to incredible that surgeons performing the familiar operation of laparotomy should leave foreign substances in the abdomen, and yet this is so frequently done that good practitioners make it an invariable rule to count their instruments before and after the operation.

A fact which is well worth knowing, especially in the winter, is that the formation of steam on glass is prevented by a thin coat of glycerine on both sides of the glass. This is very useful knowledge for sailors, and also for surveyors who have to use their instruments in foggy weather.

In view of the wholesale deforesting of many parts of the country, it is satisfactory to know that steel is superseding wood in many industries. Of this one of the latest illustrations is a steel wheel for a carriage, and many of the leading carriage manufacturers say that it is a matter of only a short time when wooden wheels will be a curiosity, as good lumber for wheels is becoming so scarce that its use will, perforce, be abandoned.

Charming Ceylon.

Ceylon is the famous island where tradition says Adam and Eve found a second paradise. The Brahmin name for it is "Lanka," or the "Resplendent." The Buddhists describe it as "A pearl drop on the brow of India;" the Chinese as "The Gem Island," and Greeks named it "The home of the hyacinth and ruby." In England it is written of as "The Eden of the Eastern Sea."

Vessels arriving and anchoring at Colombo are boarded, early in the morning, by native hawkers, peddlers, sellers of jewelry, laundry agents, tailors, and dealers in curiosities of various kinds, all eager to trade, and persistently intent upon clothing you, washing your linen, or selling you something or other, at prices which have a curious tendency to descend from pounds to shillings, and from fifties to fives, gradually or rapidly, according to your disposition.

Many different languages are spoken, and by the various picturesque, and often extremely primitive, costumes, contrast strongly with the colored skins of the populace, varying from a pale to almost negro black. The visitor is delighted with the gorgeous colors of the luxurious vegetation, the beautiful flowers, the brilliant sunshine and the sweetly perfumed air.

There are many children, bright-eyed, intelligent, thinly clad or unclad, who run beside the vehicles, with beetlees, flowers, shells, or bundles of cinnamon, clamoring for coppers, and merrily assuring you, in broken English, that they have neither fathers nor mothers, brothers nor sisters, to look after them, but depend entirely on your bounty.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUNDAY SERMON.

Subject: "The Sky Anthem." (Preached at Beyrout.)

TEXT: *"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."*—Luke ii., 14.

At last I have what I longed for, a Christmas eve in the Holy Land. This is the time of year that Christ landed. He was a December Christ. This is the chill air through which He descended. I look up through these Christmas skies, and I see no loosened star hastening southward to halt above Bethlehem, but all the stars suggest the Star of Bethlehem. No more need that any of them run along the sky to point downward. In quietude they kneel at the feet of Him who, though once an exile, is now enthroned forever. Fresh up from Bethlehim, I am full of the scenes suggested by a visit to that village. You know that whole region of Bethlehem is famous in Bible story. There were the waving harvests of Boaz, in which Ruth gleaned for herself and weeping Naomi. There David the warrior was thirsty, and three men of unheard of self denial broke through the Philistine army to get him a drink. It was to that region that Joseph and Mary came to have their names enrolled in the census. That is what the Scripture means when it says they came "to be taxed," for people did not in those days rush after the assessors of tax any more than they now do.

The village inn was crowded with the strangers who had come up by the command of Government to have their names in the census, so that Joseph and Mary were obliged to lodge in the stables. You have seen some of those large stone buildings, in the center of which the camels were kept, while running out from this center in all directions there were rooms, in one of which Jesus was born. Had his parents been more showily appareled I have no doubt they would have found more comfortable entertainment. That night in the fields the shepherds, with crook and kindled fires, were watching their flocks, when hark! to the sound of voices strangely sweet. Can it be that the maidens of Bethlehem have come out to serenade the weary shepherds? But now a light stoops upon them like the morning, so that the flocks arise, shaking their snowy fleece and bleating to their drowsy young. The heavens are filled with armies of light, and the earth quakes under the harmony as, echoed back from cloud to cloud, it rings over the midnight hills: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men." It seems that the crown of royalty and dominion and power which Christ left behind Him was hung on the sky in sight of Bethlehem. Who knows but that that crown may have been mistaken by the wise men for the star running and pointing downward?

My subject, in the first place, impresses me with the fact that indigence is not always significant of degradation. When Princes are born, heralds announce it, and cannon thunder it, and flags wave it, and illuminations set cities on fire with the tidings. Some of us in England or America remember the time of rejoicing when the Prince of Wales was born. You can remember the gladness throughout Christendom at the nativity in the palace at Madrid. But when our glorious Prince was born, there was no rejoicing on earth. Poor and growing poorer, yet the heavenly recognition that Christmas night shows the truth of the proposition that indigence is not always significant of degradation.

In all ages there have been great hearts throbbing under rags, tender sympathies under rough exterior, gold in the quartz, Parian marble in the quarry, and in every stable of privation wonders of excellence that have been the joy of the heavenly host. All the great deliverers of literature and of nations were born in homes without affluence, and from their own privation learned to speak and fight for the oppressed. Many a man has held up his pine knot light from the wilderness until all nations and generations have seen it, and off of his hard crust of penury has broken the bread of knowledge and religion for the starving millions of the race. Poetry, and science, and literature, and commerce, and laws, and constitutions, and liberty, like Christ, were born in a manger. All the great thoughts which have decided the destiny of nations started in obscure corners, and had Herods who wanted to slay them, and Iscariots who betrayed them, and rabbles that crucified them, and sepulchres that confined them until they burst forth in glorious resurrection. Strong character, like the rhododendron, is an Alpine plant, that grows fastest in the storm. Men are like wheat, worth all the more for being flailed. Some of the most useful people would never have come to positions of usefulness had they not been ground and pounded and hammered in the foundry of disaster. When I see Moses coming up from the ark of bulrushes to be the greatest lawgiver of the ages, and Amos from tending the herds to make Israel tremble with his prophecies, and David from the sheepcote to sway the poet's pen and the King's scepter, and Peter from the fishing net to be the great preacher at the Pentecost, I find proof of the truth of my proposition that indigence is not always significant of degradation.

My suoject also impresses me with the thought that it is while at our useful occupations that we have the divine manifestations. Had those shepherds gone that night into Bethlehem and risked their flocks among the wolves, they would not have heard the song of the angels. In other words, that man sees most of God and heaven who minds his own business. We all have our posts of duty, and standing there God appears to us. We are all shepherds or sheperdesses, and we have our flocks of cares and annoyances and anxieties, and we must tend them.

We sometimes hear very good people say "If I had a month or a year or two to do nothing but attend to religious things, I would be a great deal better than I am now." You are mistaken. Generally the best people are the busy people. Elisha was plowing in the field when the prophetic mantle fell on him. Matthew was attending to his custom house duties when Christ commanded him to follow. James and John were mending their nets when Christ called them to be fishers of men. Had they been snoring in the sun Christ would not have called their indolence into the apostleship. Gideon was at work with the flail on the threshing floor when he saw the angel. Saul was with great fatigue hunting up the lost asses when he found the crown of Israel. The prodigal son would never have reformed and wanted to have returned to his father's house if he had not first gone into business, though it was swine feeding. Not once out of a hundred times will a lazy man become a Christian. Those who have nothing to do are in very unfavorable circumstances for the receiving of divine manifestations. It is not when you are in idleness, but when you are, like the Bethlehem shepherds, watching your flocks, that the glory descends and there is joy among the angels of God over your soul penitent and forgiven.

My subject also strikes at the delusion that the religion of Christ is dolorous and grief infusing. The music that broke through the midnight heavens was not a dirge, but an anthem. It shook joy over the hills. It not only dropped upon the shepherds, but it sprang upward among the thrones. The robe of a Saviour's righteousness is not black. The Christian life is not made up of weeping and cross bearing and war waging. Through the revelation of that Christmas night I find that religion is not a groan, but a song. In a world of sin and sick bed and sepulchers, we must have trouble; but in the darkest night the heavens part with angelic song. You may, like Paul, be shipwrecked, but I exhort you to be of good cheer, for you shall all escape safe to the land. Religion does not show itself in the elongation of the face and the cut of the garb. The Pharisee who puts his religion into his phylactery has none left for his heart. Fretfulness and complaining do not belong to the family of Christian graces which move into the heart when the devil moves out. Christianity does not frown upon amusements and recreations. It is not a synic, it is not a shrew, it chokes no laughter, it quenches no light, it defaces no art. Among the happy, it is the happiest. It is just as much at home on the playground as it is in the church. It is just as graceful in the charade as it is in the psalm book. It sings just as well in Surrey gardens as it prays in St. Paul's. Christ died that we might live. Christ walked that we might ride. Christ wept that we might laugh.

Again, my subject impresses me with the fact that glorious endings sometimes have very humble beginnings. The straw pallet was the starting point, but the shout in the midnight sky revealed what would be the glorious consummation. Christ on Mary's lap, Christ on the throne of universal dominion—what an humble starting! What a glorious ending! Grace begins on a small scale in the heart. You see only men as trees walking. The grace of God in the heart is a feeble spark, and Christ has to keep both hands over it lest it be blown out. What an humble beginning! But look at that same man when He has entered heaven. No crown able to express His royalty. No palace able to express His wealth. No sceptre able to express His power and His dominion. Drinking from the fountain that drips from the everlasting Rock. Among the harpers harping with their harps. On a sea of glass mingled with fire. Before the throne of God, to go no more out forever. The spark of grace that Christ had to keep both hands over lest it come to extinction, having flamed up into honor and glory and immortality. What humble starting! What glorious consummation!

The New Testament Church was on a small scale. Fishermen watched it. Against the uprising walls crashed infernal enginery. The world said anathema. Ten thousand people rejoiced at every seeming defeat, and said: "Aha! aha! so we would have it." Martyrs on fire cried: "How long, O Lord, how long?" Very humble starting, but see the difference at the consummation, when Christ with His almighty arm has struck off the last chain of human bondage, and Himalaya shall be Mount Zion; and Pyrenees, Moriah; and oceans, the walking place of Him who trod the wave cliffs of stormed Tiberias, and island shall call to island, sea to sea, continent to continent, and the song of the world's redemption rising, the heavens, like a great sounding board, shall strike back the shout of salvation to the earth until it rebounds again to the throne of God, and all heaven, rising on their thrones, beat time with their scepters. Oh, what an humble beginning! What a glorious ending! Throne linked to a manger, heavenly mansions to a stable.

My subject also impresses me with the effect of Christ's mission upward and downward. Glory, to God, peace to man. When God sent His Son into the world, angels discovered something new in God, something they had never seen before. Not power, not wisdom, not love. They knew all that before. But when God sent His Son into this world then the angels saw the spirit of self-denial in God, the spirit of self-sacrifice in God. It is easier to love an angel on His throne than a thief on the cross, a seraph in his worship than an adulteress in her crime. When the angels saw God—the God who would not allow the most insignificant angel in heaven to be hurt—give up His Son, His Son, His only, only Son, they saw something that they had never thought of before, and I do not wonder that when Christ started out on that pilgrimage the angels in heaven clapped their wings in triumph and called on all the hosts of heaven to help them celebrate it, and sang so loud that the Bethlehem shepherds heard it: "Glory to God in the highest."

But it was also to be a mission of peace to man. Infinite holiness—accumulated depravity. How could they ever come together! The Gospel bridges over the distance. It brings God to us. It takes us to God. God in us, and we in God. Atonement! Atonement! Justice satisfied, sins forgiven, eternal life secured, heaven built on a manger.

But it was also to be the pacification of all individual and international animosities. What a sound this word of peace had in the Roman Empire that boasted of the number of people it had massacred, that prided itself on the number of the slain, that rejoiced at the trembling provinces. Sicily and Corsica and Sardinia and Macedonia and Egypt had bowed to her sword and crouched at the cry of her war eagles. She gave her chief honor to Scipio and Fabius and Cæsar—all men of blood. What contempt they must have had there for the penniless, unarmed Christ in the garb of a Nazarine, starting out to conquer all nations. There never was a place on earth where that word peace sounded so offensively to the ears of the multitude as in the Roman Empire. They did not want peace. The greatest music they ever heard was the clanking chains of their captives. If all the blood that has been shed in battle could be gathered together it would upbear a navy. The club that struck Abel to the earth has its echo in the butcheries of all ages. Edmund Burke, who gave no wild statistics, said that there had been spent in slaughter thirty-five thousand millions of dollars, or what would be equal to that; but he had not seen into our times, when in our own day, in America, we expended three thousand millions of dollars in civil war.

Oh, if we could now take our position on some high point and see the world's armies march past! What a spectacle it would be! There go the hosts of Israel through a score of Red seas—one of water, the rest of blood. There go Cyrus and his army, with infuriate yell rejoicing over the fall of the gates of Babylon. There goes Alexander, leading forth his hosts and conquering all the world but himself, the earth reeling with the battle gash of Arbela and Persepolis. There goes Ferdinand Cortes, leaving his buthered enemies on the table lands once fragrant with vanilla and covered over with groves of flowering cacao. There goes the great Frenchman, leading his army down through Egypt like one of its plagues, and up through Russia like one of its own icy blasts. Yonder is the grave trench under the shadow of Sebastopol. There are the ruins of Delhi and Allahabad, and yonder are the inhuman Sepoys and the brave regiments under Havelock avenging the insulted flag of Britain; while cut right through the heart of my native land is a trench in which there lie one million Northern and Southern dead.

Oh, the tears! Oh, the blood! Oh, the long marches! Oh, the hospital wounds! Oh, the martyrdom! Oh, the death! But brighter than the light which flashed on all these swords and shields and musketry is the light that fell on Bethlehem, and louder than the bray of the trumpets, and the neighing of the chargers, and the crash of the walls, and the groaning of the dying armies, is the song that unrolls this moment from the sky, sweet as though all the bells of heaven rung a jubilee: "Peace on earth, good will toward men." Oh, when will the day come—God hasten it!—when the swords shall be turned into plowshares, and the fortresses shall be remodeled into churches, and the men of blood battling for renown shall become good soldiers of Jesus Christ, and the cannon now striking down whole columns of death shall thunder the victories of the truth.

When we think of the whole world saved we are apt to think of the few people that now inhabit it. Only a very few compared with the populations to come. And what a small part cultivated. Do you know it has been authentically estimated that three-fourths of Europe is yet all barrenness, and that nine hundred and ninety-one one-thousandth part of the entire globe is uncultivated? This is all to be cultivated, all inhabited and all gospelized. Oh, what tears of repentance when nations begin to weep! Oh, what supplications when continents begin to pray! Oh, what rejoicing when hemispheres begin to sing! Churches will worship on the places where this very hour smokes the blood of human sacrifice, and wandering through the snake infested jungles of Africa Christ's heel will bruise the serpent's head. Oh, when the trumpet of salvation shall be sounded everywhere and the nations are redeemed, a light will fall upon every town brighter than that which fell upon Bethlehem, and more overwhelming than the song that fell on the pasture fields where the flocks fed, there will be a song louder than the voice of the storm lifted oceans, "Glory to God in the highest," and from all nations and kindred and people and tongues will come the response, "And on earth peace, good will toward men!" On this Christmas Eve I bring you good tidings of great joy. Pardon for all sin, comfort for all trouble and life for the dead. Shall we now take this Christ into our hearts? The time is passing. This is the closing of the year. How the time speeds by. Put your hand on your heart—one, two, three. Three times less it will beat. Life is passing like gazelles over the plain. Sorrows hover like petrels over the sea. Death swoops like a vulture from the mountains. Misery rolls up to our ears like waves. Heavenly songs fall to us like stars.

I wish you a merry Christmas, not with worldly dissipations, but merry with Gospel gladness, merry with pardoned sin, merry with hope of reunion in the skies with all your loved ones who have preceded you. In that grandest and best sense a merry Christmas.

And God grant that in our final moment we may have as bright a vision as did the dying girl when she said: "Mother"—pointing with her thin white hand through the window—"Mother, what is that beautiful land out yonder beyond the mountains, the high mountains?" "Oh," said the mother, "my darling, there are no mountains within sight of our home." "Oh, yes," she said, "don't you see them—that beautiful land beyond the mountains out there, just beyond the high mountains?"

The mother looked down into the face of her dying child and said: "My dear, I think that must be heaven that you see." "Well, then," she said, "father, you come, and with your strong arms carry me over those mountains into that beautiful land beyond the high mountains." "No," said the weeping father, "my darling, I can't go with you." "Well," she said, clapping her hands, "never mind, never mind; I see yonder a shining one coming. He is coming now, in His strong arms to carry me over the mountains to the beautiful land—over the mountains, over the high mountains!"

THE oldest officer in the United States navy is Commodore Henry Bruce, now on the retired list and living in Boston. He was born on Feb. 12, 1789, and was appointed a midshipman in the navy from Massachusetts on Nov. 9, 1813. During his seventy-six years of life in the navy he was forty-two years on the active list, but had only fifteen years of sea service and eight years of shore duty. Three of his fifteen years of sea service, from 1837 to 1840, were spent as Lieutenant on the famous frigate Brandywine, in the Mediterranean squadron, and his only command was the brig Truxton, on the coast of Africa, in 1848. His last promotion on the active list was to the grade of Commander, on Sept. 8, 1841. He was retired Sept. 13, 1855, but on April 4, 1867, he was promoted to Commodore, a favor which officers on the retired list no longer have.

A YOUNG lady near Clayton, Ga., a few days since prepared a wedding supper and invited relatives and friends to be present and witness her marriage to a young man of the neighborhood. The company assembled, the bride was attired in her wedding costume and the supper was in waiting, but the bridegroom did not appear. At a late hour, however, he accidentally happened along, dressed in his every-day clothes, and, being made acquainted with the object of the assemblage, expressed great suprise, stating that he had no notice whatever of the intended wedding. The wedding was postponed, but the supper was highly enjoyed all the same.

THE steel needle was first manufactured in Spain, where the process of making it was long kept a secret, whence it was first imported into England in the time of Queen Elizabeth. In 1650 Christopher Greening, at Long Creeden, in Buckinghamshire, erected needle works, and that began the manufacture of an article for which England is famed throughout the world.

AN express train in Alabama going at full speed struck a woman and threw her twenty feet in the air, landing her outside the right of way. When picked up she was dead, but there was not a bruise anywhere on her body, but the soles of her shoes had been cut off as smooth as if done by a cobbler.

SABBATH SCHOOL.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON FOR JANUARY 5.

Lesson Text: "The Forerunner Announced," Luke i., 5-17—Golden Text: Mal. iii., 1—Commentary.

The four verses of this Gospel which precede our lesson tell us that many were writing down in order a record of the sayings and doings of Jesus of Nazareth, as they received them from those who had been eye witnesses of all things; and this man, Luke, having accurate knowledge of all things from the beginning, writes his record for his friend Theophilus, of all that Jesus began both to do and teach. He afterward wrote for the same friend a record of the things which Jesus continued to do and teach by His Spirit through His apostles. From Paul's epistles we learn that Luke was a physician, dear to him, and that he traveled much with him (Col., iv., 14; II Tim. iv., 11; Phm. 24). His name, according to Young, signifies light giving.

5. "A certain priest named Zacharias." Five persons are mentioned by name in our lesson and in the verses immediately following, but the two with whom we have specially to do are the priest Zacharias and the angel Gabriel. It will be helpful to remember that this lesson is in the time of the iron kingdom of Dan. ii., 40, and the fourth beast of Dan. vii., 7, 23; that Rome now ruled the world; that Palestine was divided, not into twelve divisions as in the lessons just closed, but into three—Galilee, Samaria and Judæa—and that Herod was the Roman ruler of the southern province of Judæa, in which Zacharias and Elizabeth lived. It will be seen in I Chron. xxiv., 10, that Abia or Abijah was the eighth of the twenty-four courses or orders into which David divided the priests. Elizabeth being also of the priestly tribe of Aaron or Levi shows that they were obedient to the law which required them only to marry in their own tribe (Num. xxxvi., 5-9). Zacharias signifies Jah is renowned or remembered, and Elizabeth the oath of God; let the diligent eat the meat.

6. "They were both righteous before God." They were in fellowship with the righteous Lord who loveth righteousness (Ps. xi., 7); and were therefore like Noah, righteous before Him (Gen. vii., 1), because like Abram they believed God (Gen. xv., 6; Rom. iv., 3). By nature "There is none righteous, no, not one;" and by the deeds of the law no one can become righteous; but the righteous Lord has provided a righteousness for all who will accept it, even His own, even Himself, for "Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth" (Rom. iii., 10, 19-22; x., 4).

7. "They had no child." It was with Elizabeth as with Rachel and Hannah and Manoah's wife; but she, like they, looked unto God, and surely Joseph and Samuel and Samson and John the Baptist are among the greatest of men, and all sons of women who had been barren. When in days to come we see the significance of Isa. liv., 1, we shall then readily recognize these shadows.

8. "He executed the priests' office before God in the order of his course." What a glorious motto for every day are those two words, "before God," reminding us that we ought to live as in His sight, doing all things for His glory.

9. "His lot was to burn incense." This incense was made according to God's express command for the service of the sanctuary, and it was forbidden to make any like it for any other purpose, upon pain of death. The priest was to burn it every morning and evening when he dressed and lit the lamps (Ex. xxx., 7, 8, 34-38). Dr. Brown quotes from Lightfoot as follows: "The part assigned to each priest in his week of service was decided by lot. There were employed at the offering of incense—to remove the ashes of the former service, to bring in and place on the golden altar the pan filled with hot burning coal taken from the altar of burnt offering, and while the smoke of it ascended to make intercession for the people." This was the most distinguished part of the service (Rev. viii., 3), and this was what fell to the lot of Zacharias at this time.

10. "The whole multitude of the people were praying without, at the time of incense." The connection of prayer and incense is seen in Ps. cxli., 2; Rev. viii., 3, 4; and the incense is significant of the merits of the Lord Jesus, whose least word and smallest act was fragrant to God, because He sought neither His own will nor His own glory, but did always those things which pleased His father. (John vi., 38; viii., 29, 50). It also teaches us that, apart from the merits of Christ, nothing we do, not even our prayers, can be acceptable in God's sight; but, inasmuch as He even liveth to make intercession for us, the weakest may with boldness come, and the feeblest may do Him service, since what is done by any redeemed soul, as unto Him, is made acceptable by His merits.

11. "There appeared unto him an angel of the Lord, standing on the right side of the altar of incense." This was in the Holy Place, into which priests went every day, were the tables of shewbread, the golden candlesticks, ten of each (II Chron. iv., 7, 8), and the golden altar, or altar of incense, before the veil, and by the side of which the angel now stood.

12. "When Zacharias saw him, he was troubled, and fear fell upon him." So it was with Mary (vss. 29, 30), and Hagar, and Gideon, and the women at the sepulcher, and the disciples (Gen. xxi., 17; Judg. vi., 22, 23; Mk. xvi., 5; Lu. xxiv., 37); and so we suppose it would be with most of us should a heavenly visitor suddenly appear to us; but if Manoah's wife was not afraid, why should any of us be (Judg. xiii., 22, 23) if we are walking in fellowship with God, and abiding in that love of His which casteth out all fear. (I John xxi., 18).

13. "Fear not, Zacharias.' Thus God and His angels are always seeking to comfort those who look to Him. "Thy prayer is heard." All true prayer for things according to His will, in the name of Jesus, is surely heard, and the answer will be manifest in due time: Let us live on "expectation corner," that we may be always on the lookout for the answer, and recognize it when it comes. "Thou shalt call his name John." Among those whose names were given them by God before they were born note Ishmael, Isaac, Josiah, Jesus (Gen. xvi., 11, xvii., 19; I Ki. xiii., 2; Matt. i., 21), and learn that God is interested even in our names. John signifies the grace of God, and he enjoyed a large share of it.

14. "Thou shalt have joy and gladness; and many shall rejoice at His birth." It is God's good pleasure to give His people joy; yes, fullness of joy (John xv., 11; xvi., 24: I John i., 4) and to make others glad through them; but it can only be by believing Him and yielding fully to Him, and, like John, glorifying Jesus and hiding self.

15. "For he shall be great in the sight of the Lord." This is the summit of all greatness, and nothing can compare with it.

"He shall be filled with the Holy Ghost." "Be not drunk with wine, but be filled with the Spirit" (Eph. v., 18) was exemplified in Him. He was a true Nazarite, a spiritual Samson (Num. vi., 1-8; Judg. xiii., 7).

16. "Many of the children of Israel shall he turn to the Lord their God." As to be great in God's sight is the highest position man can attain to, so to turn people to the Lord is the highest and grandest work man can be engaged in.

17. "He shall go before Him in the spirit and power of Elijah." According to his own testimony he was not Elijah (John i., 21); Jesus said: "If ye are willing to receive him, this is Elijah" (Matt. xi., 14, R. V., margin); and again: "Elijah is come already, and they knew him not;" but Jesus also said after John was beheaded: "Elijah truly shall first come and restore all things" (Matt. xvii., 10-13); all of which, put together, seems to say, that what John was to Jesus Christ in His coming to suffer Elijah shall be to Jesus Christ when he shall come in power and glory to reign.—*Lesson Helper.*

PORTUGAL'S STANLEY.

The Career of Major Serpa Pinto, the Explorer of Africa.

Major Serpa Pinto first became famous in 1879, on the completion of his successful journey from Benguela, on the western coast of the Dark Continent, to Durban, on the southwestern coast, thus making a most valuable addition to the stores of African geography and complementing the great researches of Stanley, Livingstone, Cameron and other famous explorers who have risked their lives in searching the mysteries of that quarter of the globe.

MAJOR SERPA PINTO.

Pinto was at that date an officer in the service of his native country, Portugal, and had for some years been employed in the Portuguese colonies of Western Africa. His expedition was fitted out conjointly by his Government and the Lisbon Geographical Society. It occupied three months. On his return to Lisbon he was received with evidences of great esteem by the King and was the object of popular adulation in all quarters. In a series of public lectures and in an extended published journal of his travels he described the many strange and interesting places and scenes he had encountered in his arduous and dangerous journey, and he brought home large and valuable collections of plant and animal life. He described the sources of four great rivers heretofore unknown. His discovery of the River Coando, navigable for 600 miles and flowing into the Zambesi, alone placed Major Pinto in the rank of the great African explorers. His escort on this long and hazardous journey was composed of men belonging to a tribe of cannibals. Of the eighty men who stated with him only eight survived the hardships of the weary march and reached with him the eastern coast.

On the basis of the discoveries of Pinto the Portuguese Government has since 1879 laid claim to a wide tract of African territory, including Mozambique on the eastern coast and the Shire River district, in which the Portuguese engineer, Castilloes, has recently undertaken to survey the route for a railroad, which enterprise met with resistance from the Makolalo natives and led to the recently reported battle between the blacks and the Portuguese forces under Pinto. A portion of the territory claimed by Portugal is also claimed by the British, and the matter may lead to an important conflict between the two European Powers.

In 1884 Serpa Pinto made another journey of exploration in Southern Africa, the results of which fully entitled him to the title of the Portuguese Stanley. Following his discoveries the Portuguese have established a system of steam navigation on the Zambesi and Shire Rivers and opened a large and prosperous trading establishment.

THE SOUTH'S INDUSTRIES.

Annual Review of the New Enterprises Established.

The annual review of the South's industrial progress as published in the Baltimore *Manufacturer's Record* shows that 5135 new manufacturing and mining enterprises were organized during 1889, against 3618 in 1888, 3430 in 1887 and 1575 in 1886. The amount of capital and capital stock of these companies was $229,703,500 in 1889 and $168,801,000 in 1888.

The total number of new industrial enterprises organized in the South during the last four years, or since January 1, 1886, is over 13,700, divided as follows: Iron furnace companies, 126; machine shops and foundries, 441; agricultural implement factories, 63; flour mills, 535; cotton mills, 267; furniture factories, 220; gas works, 101; water works, 331; carriage and wagon factories, 178; electric light companies, 475; mining and quarrying enterprises, 1801; lumber mills, including saw and planing mills, sash and door factories, stave factories, 3036; ice factories, 293; canning factories, 425; stove foundries, 25; brick works, 565; miscellaneous iron and steel works, rolling mills, pipe works, etc., 184; cotton compresses, 114; cotton seed oil mills, 148; miscellaneous enterprises not included in foregoing, 4415. Total, 13,744.

THE LABOR WORLD.

THIRTY THOUSAND tons of coal per day is displaced by natural gas.

MACHINERY makers are crowded with orders in all of the New England and Middle States.

IN Chicago horses are curried by steam. In two hours 150 horses can be curried by this means.

IN Georgia cotton mill operatives do eleven hours' work, as it requires one hour per day longer to do a day's work there than it does in Northern mills.

EDWARD N. MORSE, proprietor of the oldest cotton thread factory in the United States, established in 1829, died a few days since in South Easton, Mass.

THE Pennsylvania Railroad Company has ordered fifty-five more heavy freight engines from the Baldwin works at Philadelphia. The road's freight traffic is increasing rapidly.

THE proprietors of Philadelphia leading newspapers have refused to grant the demands of the printers for an advance from forty to forty-five cents per 1000 ems composition.

The Mapleton Item

I. N. SWOPE. H. A. THOMPSON.

SWOPE & THOMPSON,
Editors & Proprietors.

"THE ITEM" WILL BE PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY AT THE FOLLOWING RATES IN ADVANCE:

ONE YEAR.....$1.00
SIX MONTHS.....50
THREE MONTHS.....25
For Advertising Rates, apply to Publishers.

Entered at the Post Office at Mapleton Depot, Pa., as Second Calss Mail Matter.

Cassville.

Wm. Green's steam saw mill, in Union township, was assessed to the value of five hundred dollars, hence a county tax of five dollars. Mr. Green doesn't refuse payment but would like to see the law wherein steam engines or any other personal property is taxable for state or county purposes. Why not make a test case for the benefit of all? No assessor has any right to assess any such machinery or portable property, not permanently located, for state or county purposes.

The following named comrades have been elected officers of J. C. Coder Post, No. 521, G. A. R., for the ensuing year: Commander, J. B. Shuman; S. V. C., H. Brown; J. V. C., James Black; Q. M., G. W. Stever; O. D., M. Harbaugh; O. G., Thompson Smith.

S. G. & H. B. Wilson have there saw mill located on lands belonging to Adam Curfman in Trough Creek valley. This tract has been considered by all lumberman for years to be one of the best tracts of white oak timber that there is in the county. Just how the Wilson Brothers succeed in buing the timber is a question as it was never considered to be in the market.

E. B. Hissong, Esq., is preparing to erect a new pottery in the near future, on an improved plan.

Our old time friend, Bob H., tells us that that prince of good fellows, A. C. Greenland, has a very nice position with the P. & R. road at Philadelphia. We can say (and we think we speak for every person in this town) that the P. & R. has no more faithful or competent man in their employ than "Harbaugh," as he is as true as steel.

Albert Hamilton expects to join his father and brother in their new home in Southern California next fall. Mr. H.'s father is at present employed as superintendent of a large machine shop and is one of the finest machinists Pennsylvania has ever produced.

The Cassville band, under the leadership of W. E. Wilson, gave our citizens some good music last week.

Misses Mary, of Altoona, and Annie Clarkson, of Lewistown, visited their parents at this place last week.

Miss Hattie Heaton, of Huntingdon, spent the holidays with friends in this place.

Among our many holiday visitors we mention the following: Miss Libbie Cahill, of the Huntingdon Normal; Miss Mame Henderson, who is attending school in Philadelphia; Misses Sallie Evans and Sallie Whiteside, teachers of the Williamsburg public schools; Horace L. B. Henderson, of Princeton college, who wears the gold badge which he recently won in the contest (tug of war) and which was given by the Y. M. C. A., of Philadelphia: (Horace won a medal at Rugby Academy last year); C. M. Henderson, of Philadelphia, dealer in band instruments; A. H. Evans, our popular postmaster, who has been attending lectures at the celebrated Medico-Chirurgical college in Philadelphia, and T. R. Henderson, of Saltillo.

John Reynolds has just finished making hay.

C. M. Henderson is visiting friends in Chambersburg.

After a pleasant tour, John Noble has returned to his home in this place.

The two Sallies will listen to the instruction to be given this week at the Blair county institute.

David Stever, having hurt one of his fingers, thereby making a part of it useless, amputated it with an ax. It is doing well.

A free fight occurred at Beavertown on last Wednesday evening. There was so little science shown that we could not give points. Some of them, we are sure, could employ their surplus muscular energy in a better direction.

Howard Pogne, of Pittsburgh, was married by Rev. Adams to Miss Maggie Curfman, of Todd township, on Wednesday, at 12 o'clock, M. The ceremony was witnessed by quite a number of friends and the presents were numerous and handsome. They expect to make their home in Pittsburgh.

Rev. Smith, on Thursday, 26th inst., pronounced the words that made Miss Mary Rickabough the wife of Mr. Thomas Hoover. The bride's brother and Miss Anna Taylor were the seconds. It was a very pleasant affair, and they will make their home near where they were married in Todd township.

The Christmas tree and entertainment in the M. E. church, as well as the missionary meeting on Saturday evening, proved an interesting and brilliant success.

Saltillo.

As Grant Mensbarger, Scott Bolinger, James Blair, John M. Uttley, and Sam Mensbarger were crossing the ridge after being at an entertainment at Bolingerville, all hands were surprised at being attacked by a catamount. The animal was very large and ferocious. There was only one revolver in the party, and after some secured sticks and others stones, one ot the party emptied three barrels at the enraged catamouut, when it gave one yell and limped off in the woods.

Harrison Wagoner is talking of building a new house.

Adam Long has commenced the foundation for a new house, which will be for rent.

Miss Della Senft gave a delightful entertainment to her young friends on the 27th ult. The fine appearance of the "Lasses and Laddies" was a subject of comment. Saltillo can justly be proud of her sons and daughters.

T. L. Uttley has made sale of his real estate, 320 acres, in Hamilton county, Texas, to John Madden, for the sum of $500.

The I. O. O. F., of Cassville, will give a dress parade and free oyster supper on New Year's Day. It will be a gala arrangement, and people from the surrounding country will be there. The Cassville band will discourse music of a high order, as the band is led by that princely professor, William Wilson.

Quite a crowd went from this place to Three Springs, Christmas eve, to witness the acting tableaux at the Baptist church. The services were pronounced excellent.

The Christmas tree in the Methodist church at Three Springs drew a large crowd from here Christmas night.

Houses are scarce and in demand. Several more could be rented if they were vacant.

Mr. Dishorn, of Altoona, is visiting Saltillo and is the guest of David Giffin.

Philip Fisher and wife are visiting their son, John, and family, of Mann's Choice.

Richard Hudson and wife intend to visit the land of flowers in the near future. We wish them a pleasant trip.

Miss Orba Long has returned home, and expects to have a pleasant visit.

Miss Lulla Long, who is living in Huntingdon, is somewhat home-sick.

The Christmas entertainment in the hall at this place was a success. The music by the girls and the band was excellent. One of the little boys would not recite because he had lost his speech. Quite a number received presents. Miss Orlena Henderson received a copy of "Mother, Home, and Heaven," and several other small remembrances. The talk by Rev. Smith was very much enjoyed.

Milton Strayer, is visiting his many friends at this place.

John M. Uttley spent the holidays with his parents.

John and Russell Giffin were the guests of their parents during the holidays.

Miss Amanda Finley has returned home from a visit to relatives.

E. J. Dougherty, of Rocky Ridge, spent Christmas with Geo. Sleeman.

Miss Maggie Fisher, of Ray's Hill, is visiting at the residence of her cousin, Camden Fisher.

Mrs. Kate Shoemaker and son, Frank, were visiting in Saltillo and vicinity during the festive season just past.

Mr. McKinstry, of Shirleysburg, is visiting at the residence of Calvin Greene.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT the partnership which existed between the undersigned and William Herman, merchandising in Cass township, Huntingdon county, Penna., under the firm name of Herman & Aaron, was dissolved by mutual consent, November 26, 1889. The books of the the late firm have been transferred to me and I will continue the business.
Cass twp., Dec. 21, 1889. PHILIP AARON.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

Schedule in effect November 10th 1889.

LEAVE WESTWARD.				LEAVE EASTWARD.		
Pacific Express.	Passenger. Way	Altoona Accommodat'n.	STATIONS.	Sea Shore Express.	Mail.	Harrisburg Accom.
p. m.	a. m.	a.m.		p. m.	p.m.	a. m.
11 25	4 30		Philadelphia	3 15	1045	
a. m.				a. m.		
3 10	8 15	5 30	Harrisburg	11 40	7 00	8 50
	8 33	5 48	Marysville	11 22	6 39	3
3 38	8 54	6 04	Duncannon	11 07	6 21	8 18
4 00	9 26	6 32	Newport	10 44	5 50	7 51
	9 52	6 55	Thompsout'n	10 25	5 26	7 32
4 34	10 13	7 14	Port Royal	10 09	5 09	7 14
4 39	10 20	7 20	Mifflin	10 05	5 03	7 09
5 01	10 46	7 45	Lewistown Jn	9 43	4 38	6 45
	10 55	7 63	Granville	9 36	4 29	6 37
5 22	11 14	8 11	McVeytown	9 20	4 12	6 20
5 40	11 39	8 33	N. Hamilton	9 02	3 51	6 00
5 46	11 46	8 39	Mt. Union	8 56	3 46	5 54
5 54	11 55	8 46	MAPLETON	8 51	3 38	5 47
6 00	12 03	8 53	Mill Creek	8 45	3 32	5 41
6 12	12 17	9 05	Huntingdon	8 35	3 20	5 30
6 25	12 31	9 21	Petersburg	8 20	3 06	
6 33	12 40	9 29	Barree	8 13	2 59	
6 40	12 46	9 36	Spruce Creek	8 06	2 54	
6 54	12 59	9 48	Birmingham	7 55	2 42	
7 00	1 07	9 54	Tyrone	7 49	2 35	
7 11	1 16	1003	Tipton	7 40	2 26	
7 22	1 26	1012	Bellwood	7 32	2 18	
7 30	1 32	1018	Elizabeth Fur	7 26	2 11	
7 45	1 45	1030	Altoona	7 15	2 00	
12 45	6 50		Pittsburg		5 30	
p. m.	p. m.	a.m.		p. m.	a.m.	a. m.

Mail Express east leaves Altoona at 6:20 p. m., daily, Tyrone, 6:52; Birmingham, 6:59; Spruce Creek, 7:10; Petersburg, 7:22; Huntingdon, 7:37; Mapleton, 7:53; Mount Union, 8:00; Harrisburg, 10:45 and arrives at Philadelphia at 4:25 a. m.

Fast Line leaves Philadelphia daily at 11:50 a. m., Mount Union 6:11 p. m.; Huntingdon, 6:30; Altoona, 7:50 and arrives at Pittsburg at 11:55 p. m.

Day Express east leaves Pittsburg at 8:00 a. m., daily, Altoona, 11:50 a. m., Huntingdon, 12:48 p. m., Mount Union, 1:08; Harrisburg, 3:20, and arrives at Philadelphia at 6:50 p. m.

Philadelphia Express east leaves daily, (except Sunday) Pittsburg at 4:30 p. m., Altoona, 9:05; Huntingdon 10:12; Harrisburg, 1:00 a. m., and arrives at Philadelphia at 4:25 a. m.

Fast Line east leaves Pittsburg at 8.10 p. m., daily, Altoona, 12:01 a. m., Huntingdon, 12:58; Harrisburg, 3:30, and arrives at Philadelphia at 6:50 a. m.

Mail train west leaves Philadelphia daily at 7:00 a. m., Harrisburg, 11:20; Mount Union, 1:56 p. m., Huntingdon, 2:17; Altoona, 3:40, and arrives at Pittsburg at 8:10 p. m.

Huntingdon Accommodation leaves Altoona daily at 11.30 p. m., and arrives at Huntingdon at 12.40 a. m.

HUNTINGDON AND BROAD TOP MOUNTAIN RAILROAD.

New Schedule Nov. 29th, 1888.

SOUTH		STATIONS.	NORTH	
Mail	Expr's		Fast Line	Day Expr's
a. m.	a. m.		p. m.	p. m.
6 35	8 25	Huntingdon	6 20	12 15
6 45	8 35	McConl'st'n	6 09	12 02
6 52	8 41	Grafton	6 05	11 58
7 03	8 51	Marklesb'g	5 55	11 48
7 10	9 00	Entriken	5 45	11 40
f7 22	9 12	Cove	5 32	11 28
7 35	9 25	Saxton	5 20	11 15
7 48	9 40	Riddlesburg	5 06	11 02
7 53	9 45	Hopewell	5 02	10 57
8 05	9 55	Cypher	f4 52	10 47
8 15	10 08	Tatesville	4 41	10 38
8 21	10 17	Everett	4 33	10 28
8 25	10 20	Mt. Dallas.	4 30	10 25
		Bedford		
p. m.	a. m.		p. m.	a. m.

"f" Flag Stations.

Trains over Shoup's Branch leave Saxton at 9:35 and arrive at Dudley at 10:05 a. m. Leave Dudley at 4:30 and arrive at Saxton at 5:00 p. m.

GEO. F. GAGE, Supt.

EAST BROAD TOP RAILROAD.

To take effect at 6:00 a. m., on Wednesday, Aug. 1, 1888.

SOUTH.				STATIONS.	NORTH.			
Mixed, No. 10.	Mixed, No. 8.	Mail, No. 2.			Mail, No. 1.	Mixed, No. 7.	Mixed, No. 9.	
p. m.	a. m.	p.m.			a. m.	a.m.	p. m.	
6 42	12 09	4 21		Robertsdale	L9 00	6 00	1 00	
6 29	11 56	4 10		Cook's	9 11	6 13	1 13	
6 21	11 48	4 04		Rocky Ridge	9 19	6 21	1 21	
6 15	11 42	3 57		Cole's	9 24	6 27	1 27	
5 40	11 07	3 27		Saltillo	9 54	6 57	1 56	
5 20	10 58	3 20		Three Springs	10 01	7 05	2 04	
5 08	10 42	3 06		*Beersville	10 14	7 20	2 17	
4 52	10 27	2 52		Rockhill	10 27	7 35	2 32	
4 22	9 54	2 26		Shirley	10 43	7 55	3 02	
4 12	9 45	2 18		*Augh. Mills	10 51	8 05	3 11	
3 54	9 25	2 05		Mount Union	11 05	8 25	3 30	

Express No. 3, moving north leaves Rockhill at 12:30, arriving at Mt. Union at 1 p. m,

Express No. 4. moving south leaves Mount Union at 11:50 a. m., arriving at Rockhill at 12:20 p. m.

SHADE GAP BRANCH.

WEST.		STATIONS.	EAST	
No. 14	No. 12		No. 11	No. 13
p. m.	a. m.		a. m.	p. m.
6 23	9 40	L Rockhill A	6 30	4 42
6 16	9 33	*Blacklog	6 37	4 49
6 08	9 25	*Cedar Rock	5 45	4 57
6 04	9 21	*Locke Vall'y	6 49	5 01
5 58	9 15	*Shade Gap	6 55	5 07
5 46	8 58	Stair	7 07	5 19
5 37	8 49	A Goshorn L	7 16	5 28

* Flag stations.

A. W. SIMS,
Superintendent.

Subscribe

—FOR—

"The Item."

SEASONABLE

ANNOUNCEMENT!

Our Ladies', Misses' and Children's Cloak Department.

In this Important Department, you will find Ladies' Elegant Seal Plush Coats, Wraps, and Jackets. Ladies' Plain Plaid and Striped Newmarkets, in all the latest styles and shades. Misses' and Children's Newmarkets, Havelocks, and Gretchens.

FURS! FURS! FURS!

This week, we open the Largest Stock of Furs in the county, consisting in part of Seal, Monkey, Nutria, Astrachan, Raccoon, Beaver, Lynx, and Otter Muffs, Boas, Collars, and Caps.

FURS! A Full Assortment of Children's Furs! FURS!

THE UNDERWEAR DEPARTMENT

Is filled with Scarlet, Natural Wool, Saxony Wool, Merino and Ribbed Garments for Ladies, Gentlemen, and Children.

THREE SPECIALTIES! THREE!

In Blankets, We Lead the Way!
In Gentlemen's Heavy Gloves, We Defy Competition!
In Ladies', Gentlemen's, and Children's Shoes, We Can Please All!

Yours Very Truly,

Thos. S. Johnston,

Opera House Block, Huntingdon, Pa.

FALL ANNOUNCEMENT
—OF THE—
OPERA HOUSE CLOTHING STORE

Sensible are they who, before buying anything, take the trouble to investigate where they can get the best value in return for their money. Proceeding on in this careful path, you are bound to land at

EBY'S IN THE OPERA HOUSE,

where there is open for your inspection the

Largest and Finest Line of Ready-Made Clothing

ever brought to Huntingdon county. If you have not got your Fall and Winter Suit yet, will you please come and examine ours?

Men's Fine Dress Overcoats! Overcoats!

We have on our counters, the Finest Line of Light and Heavy-Weight Coats ever seen in this place. Men's Fine Dress Meltons at $10.00. We have them in eight different colors.

Boys' and Children's Clothing! Clothing!

We have them, and the prices will sell them. **Knee Pants Suits** from $1.50, $2.00, $3.00, up. Children's and Boys' Overcoats, from 4 to 13 years, $2.00, up. From 15 to 18 years, Satin-faced, in Meltons, $6.50 to $7.00.

Hats, Caps, Trunks, and Gents' Furnishing Goods!

We can scarcely mention anything about this line of goods, only we can say we have them, as our windows will show you. Our Great Underwear Sale will commence to-day and continue until you have got yours from us.

Do we refund money in case of dissatisfaction? Of course we do, and without any bickering or bantering, too, but that is no more than any first-class house will do. Buy your Fall Suit from us and you will not want to return it. It will fit you perfectly and please you so well that you will return only to buy your Overcoat and Furnishings.

W. E. EBY,

Opera House, HUNTINGDON, PA.

The Mapleton Item.

Mapleton Depot, Penn'a, Jan. 1, 1890.

BOROUGH DIRECTORY.

Burgess—Dr. J. G. Spangler.
Assistant Burgess—W. B. Stone.
Councilmen—H. R. Gurd, J. B. Ewing, J. G. Gillam, W. H. Dunn, Marshall Yocum, A. Heeter.
Constable—James Montgomery.
High-Constable—S. P. Stubbs.
Tax-Collector & Treasurer— ———
School-Directors—A. M. Parker, Sec'y., A. Heeter, W. B. Stone, J. K. Robley, J. P. Wilson, Pres., B. F. Godard.
Judge-of-Election—A. Lamberson.
Inspectors—F. D. Heeter, B. F. Baker.
Assessor—A. M. Parker.
Auditors—G. W. Wright, I. N. Swope. V. B. McCarthy.
Borough-Clerk—I. N. Swope.
Justices-of-the-Peace—A. W. Swope, ———.
Police-Officers—James Montgomery, R. N. McCarl.

SECRET SOCIETIES.

Mapleton Lodge, No. 468, I. O. O. F. meets every Saturday evening, at 7.00 o'clock, in Rex's Hall. David Shore, N. G.; J. K. Gillam, Secretary.

Aldena Lodge, Daughters of Rebeka, No. 189, meets first and third Monday evenings of each month. H. H. Swope, N. G.; Miss Laura Gillam, Secretary.

Washington Camp, No. 59, Patriotic Order Sons of America meets every Tuesday evening, at 8 o'clock, in Rex's Hall. Juniata Council (White Degree) meets first Tuesday evening of each month, immediately after adjournment of Camp, John M. Miller, President; George W. Wright, Secretary.

Harry Corbin Post, No. 200, G. A. R. meets first and third Friday evenings of each month, in Rex's Hall.

CHURCHES.

Methodist Episcopal Church—Rev. C. L. Benscoter, pastor. Preaching every Sunday, alternating morning and evening. Sunday-school, 9 o'clock. a. m. Prayer-meeting every Wednesday evening. Young Men's prayer-meeting every Friday evening.

Church officials—Stewards, A. Heeter, T. M. Logan, H. H. Swope, I. N. Swope, J. P. Wilson, H. R. Gurd. Trustees, A. Heeter, D. H. Foster, R. S. Henderson, J. P. Wilson, Martin Wilson, A. Broombaugh, H. R. Gurd, Benj. O'Connor, John S. Henderson. Superintendent Sunday-school, D. H. Foster; Secretary, J. A. Brumbaugh.

Presbyterian Church—Rev. D. H. Campbell, pastor. Preaching every other Sabbath, alternating morning and afternoon (3 o'clock). Sunday-school, 9, a. m. Prayer-meeting every Sunday and Thursday evenings.

Church officials—Elders, W. H. Rex, A. W. Swope, Samuel Hatfield. B. F. Baker. Deacon, W. W. Wright. Trustees, V. B. McCarthy, Samuel Hatfield, W. W. Wright. Superintendent, Sunday-school, B. F. Baker; Secretary, W. E. Bitner.

U. B. Church—Rev. W. Cramer, pastor. Preaching every Sabbath, alternating morning and evening. Sunday-school, 9, a. m. Prayer-meeting every Thursday evening.

Church officials—Trustees, E. Robley, A. M. Parker, Philip Hooper, J. K. Robley, B. F. Godard. Leader, E. Robley; Assistant Leader, B. F. Slates. Steward, J. K. Robley. Superintendent, Sunday-school, B. F. Godard; Secretary, A. M. Parker.

LOCAL NOTES.

—Resolve.

—Write it 1890.

—New resolutions are in order.

—Ring out the old, ring in the new.

—We wish all our readers A Happy New Year.

—Gone, but, by no means, forgotten—the memorable year, 1889.

—For Choice Irish Potatoes, at 65 cents per bushel, send to Ewing's Mount Union, Pa.

—Miss Mary Wilson, of Ryde, was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Mattern last week.

—50 cents will buy a shirt and a pair of drawers at A. G. Ewing & Son's, Mount Union, Pa.

—G. W. Hanawalt and H. S. Smith have secured positions as brakemen on the middle division.

—Mr. and Mrs. James Wible, of Maddensville, were Christmas guests of Mr. and Mrs. L. S. Wible.

—Bruce Hooper and Miss Anna Huff, of Dudley, were guests of Mrs. M. J. Hooper within the past week.

—Mrs. Elizabeth Long and her daughter, Mrs. J. W. Weston, spent Christmas winh friends in Altoona.

—Among our recent callers were Messrs. Henry Ripple, of Mount Union, and J. C. Curfman, of Cass township.

—A number of our young folks attended a spelling bee at Lincoln schoolhouse, in Hare's Valley, last Monday night.

—The firm of Phillips & Son, doing business at Rex's old stand, was dissolved by mutual consent, George Phillips retiring.

—In case of hard cold nothing will relieve the breathing so quickly as to rub Arnica & Oil Liniment on the chest. For sale by Phillips & Son.

—All those who have used Baxter's Mandrake Bitters speak very strongly in their praise. Twenty-five cents per bottle. For sale by Phillips and Son.

—Men's, Ladies' and Children's Underwear in all wool red, in white and gray merino and in camel's hair. All sizes from infant's sizes to the largest men's and women's sizes and at right prices at A. G. Ewing & Son's,

—Ladies' Dress Flannels, in Plaid, Stripe, or Plain Colors, and at prices from 25 to 50 cents per yard at Ewing's, Mount Union, Pa.

—For Silks, Plushes, Saxony and Germantown Yarns, Handsome Ribbons, and Velveteens go to A. G. Ewing & Son's, Mount Union, Pa.

—Christmas was all the more enjoyed at the home of neighbor W.H. Dunn, because of the return of the husband and father from his labor at Johnstown.

—The breaking of a tire on one of the wheels of the chaser mill at Speer's Juniata works yesterday morning has caused a stopping of the works for a few days.

—The members of the Lutheran church intend having an oyster supper and festival at Mill Creek this evening. Proceeds for the benefit of the church. All are cordially invited.

—The Mapleton schools enjoyed a visit Tuesday of last week from Prof. M. G. Brumbaugh, county superintendent, and Prof. J. B. Boring, one of Huntingdon's prominent teachers.

—Miss Viola Price returned home from Harrisburg last Saturday. She has been in ill health for some time past and will remain here with her parents until her health improves.

—Prof. S. G. Rudy, of Orbisonia, a prominent candidate for the county superintendency, was in town last Saturday looking up his interests. He takes an encouraging view of the situation.

—Miss Minnie Hooper, who has been living at Huntingdon for some months past, visited her mother and many friends in and about Mapleton last week. She was accompanied by Miss Ida Heffner.

—Benjamin Isenberg, a venerable citizen of Porter township, and formerly a county commissioner of Huntingdon county, was a visitor to Mapleton yesterday. He was accompanied by his nephew, William Isenberg.

—Just as we were about to go to press, we received two very interesting communications—one from Cassville and one from Mount Union,—which, we are sorry to say, were too late for publication this week. They will appear in our next issue.

—The name of N. H. Downs' still lives, although he has been dead many years. His Elixir for the cure of coughs and colds has already outlived him a quarter of a century, and is still growing in favor with the public. For sale by Phillips and Son.

—A gentleman named Love, from the lower end of the county, was in town last week looking for a location for a grocery store, in connection with which he purposes opening a job printing establishmen. Whether or not he succeeded in finding a suitable location we did not learn.

—Mapleton is to have another industry. William Whitmeyer, of Duncannon, was in town on Monday and leased from I. N. Swope and B. F. Godard the river bottom on the opposite side of the river from town and will soon commence the shipment of rolling mill, building, and engine sand therefrom. He says he expects to do a large business.

—J. Lynn Houck, a successful merchant of Cassville, on account of ill health, takes the road the first of the year as salesman for Wood, Brown & Co., dry goods people of Philadelphia. Mr. Houck has lately contributed some pleasant Cassville items for our columns. We wish him a healthful position with full remuneration.

—D. E. McClain, hardware and furniture dealer, Saltillo, Pa., has a large stock of carefully selected goods. He has sold already this fall thirty-seven stoves. Prices are very reasonable. Persons desiring goods in his line, consisting of general hardware, stoves, building material, pumps, churns, chamber suits, sofas, chairs, carpets, etc., will do well to call on him.

—A subscriber who has been annoyed by the contamination of the Rock Spring hands us the following:—The many families who use cooking and drinking water from the Rock Spring were very much put out Christmas afternoon by finding that some miscreant had put coal oil in it. If is was done intentionally, it would be broad flattery to call the perpetrator a brute. If the penal code will not make them criminal, the just indignation of those who must use the spring will at least condemn them to passage in Sharon's boat o'er Stygian waters to Hades infernal.

Scarlet Fever.

A case of scarlet fever developed at the residence of J. C. Estep last Sunday. The victim is a Miss Jennie McDonald, whose home is at Lucy Furnace. She is supposed to have contracted the disease while on a visit home a few days ago. Dr. G. W. Simpson is the attending physician and immediately after his decision that it was genuine scarlet fever, the borough council was convened and the house was quarantined in order to check the spread of the disease; quarantine regulations will be enforced until Dr. Simpson reports that no danger will result from rescinding them. This type of scarlet fever, which is the same that has been prevalent at Mount Union, is pronounced very contagioas and very virulent. It is communicated by a solid germ upon which disinfectants are said to have little or no effect. However, this opinion should not prevent our people from adopting special sanitary precautions at this time. The dregs of this form of the disease are not such as are pleasant to contemplate, being running of the ears, dropsy, disease of the bones, etc. While all regret that quarantine regulations are uecessary, all good citizens will endeavor to see that they are strictly enforced. No community can afford to disregard them when the life and health of all is a consideration.

Miss McDonald died Monday afternoon about two o'clock and her remains were interred the same night. She was aged about 18 years.

By order of the Burgess and the president and secretary of the school board the schools were closed Monday morning.

The entertainments to have been held last night by the Presbyterian Sabbath school and to-night by the United Brethren school have been postponed and no public gatherings will be permitted until all danger is past.

—Communication between Mapleton and the northern and north-western parts of the county was re-established last Saturday. The railroad company bridged the waste-weir near the lock north of town and now ingress and egress, via the new river bridge, is possible. The bridge over the waste-weir is made of two layers of 1½ inch plank, laid on six oak stringers 4x8 inches. It is a good job and will support any load. The first team to reach Mapleton over the river bridge was that of Caleb Wakefield, of "Big" Valley, which brought a load of bark to the tannery last Saturday. The driver says he found the river road in fair condition except at a point near the Speer White Company's Juniata works. Dr. G. W. Simpson tried the new route on Sunday, since which time several have driven over it.

—Misses Rettie and Ida Curry, neices of our townsmen, W. H. and M. L. Rex, have located at Denver, Colorado. Rettie, during the years of her childhood, made her home in Mapleton with her uncle, W. H. Rex. Upon reaching young womanhood, the education of these ladies and a younger sister was undertaken by their aunt, Dr. Lizzie Keller, of Boston. Rettie had decided musical tastes and was given a course of training at the Boston Conservatory of Music. Ida's tastes were in the direction of medicine and she was sent to a female medical college at Philadelphia, where she graduated with honors. The second sister, Minnie, is in training at the hospital in Boston for a professional nurse. These young ladies have been trained to do with their might what their hands find to do and each in her sphere is achieving success.

—J. G. Gillam retired from business in Mapleton yesterday and is succeeded by his brother, A. B. Gillam. John came here more than eight years ago as a school teacher. His first business venture was a small grocery store. He applied himself to business and was very successful, becoming one of the most prominent business men of the town. He will devote all his energies to his clothing and gents' furnishing store in Altoona to which he intends adding a stock of boots and shoes. We are sorry to see him leave but wish him great success. His successor needs no introduction to the people of Mapleton, having been engaged in business here before. He is an upright man, conscientious in all transactions, and will command a large share of patronage.

—Men's Handsome Dress Overcoats for $8, $10, and $12.50 at A. G. Ewing & Son's, Mount Union, Pa.

Christmas in Mapleton.

Chrismas of 1889 was a day long to be remembered as the warmest known even to the oldest inhabitant. There was less travel from town than is usual at the holiday season, a few common drunks were visible, but most of the people spent a very merry Christmas.

The Methodist Episcopal Sunday School gave an entertainment in the afternoon, in which the little folks, who were the principal participants, acquitted themselves with great credit. The decorations were tasty, but not elaborate. From a tree inside the altar-rail, which was well ladened, the members of the school were treated. After the exercises at the church, the Mapleton band paraded the streets discoursing some very excellent music.

In the evening an entertainment was given in the United Brethren church by the Centennial Jubilee Singers, of Storer's College, Harper's Ferry. It was a rich musical treat much enjoyed by the large audience which greeted the singers. These people certainly merit the wide reputation which they enjoy, and they are always warmly welcomed when they visit Mapleton.

Porter-Wharton.

A very pleasant social event took place at the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel L. Wharton, Petersburg, Tuesday evening, December 24, 1889, at 4.30 o'clock. It was the marriage of Mr. John G. Porter and Miss Jennie P. Wharton, both of Petersburg. Rev. D. L. Hughes was the officiating clergyman; he was assisted by the venerable McKnight Williamson. One hundred and thirty guests were present, and the presents received were many and costly. An elegant repast was served after which the happy couple boarded Mail Express for an extended wedding trip through the eastern part of the state. Among the guests present were Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Henderson, of this place. The ITEM force was favored with a liberal supply of the fine cakes of the feast. We extend congratulations and best wishes to the young couple.

OBITUARY.

Miss Flora Pheasant.

Flora, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Pheasant, of Trough Creek Valley, died between 5 and 6 o'clock, Saturday morning, December 28th, of puerperal fever. Flora was a beautiful girl and a much beloved member of the home. Her remains were interred in the cemetery at Simeon Wright's, Monday, December 30th, in the presence of a large circle of friends, Rev. F. Adams officiating at the services. Mr. and Mrs. Pheasant have the warmest sympathies of all who know them, in this peculiary sad bereavement. Flora was aged 18 years and 25 days.

George Taylor Numer.

George T. Numer, whose illness was noted in these columos died at his home in this place, Sunday afternoon, December 29, 1889, at 3.55 o'clock. He was aged 29 years, 9 months and 19 days.

Mr. Numer was native of Union township, this county, and was well esteemed for his generous and upright disposition. He was industrious and was careful with his earnings. About three years ago he was married to Miss Alwilda Farleman. Two children were born to them, one of which died in infancy.

Near two years ago he moved to Irvona. While there, he became one of the charter applicants of Washington Camp, No. 336, Pa., P. O. S. of A. The water at this place causing him illnes he decided to remove to Mapleton. After returning here he was prostrated with dropsy. His health, after some weeks so improved as to permit him to open a barber shop, which business he conducted successfully until two weeks prior to his death. He built a house on his lot onReservoir street and had it almost paid for. Two weeks ago he was prostrated again and death came to his relief at the time above stated. His wife and child survive him and they have the sympathy of the community in their bereavment. The remains were interred here yesterday, Rev. C. L. Benscoter officiating at the services. The funeral was attended by a large number of sorrowing friends and relatives and by Washington Camp No. 59, Pa., P. O. S. of A.

—Ladies', Misses', and Children's Coats and Jackets in big assortment and right prices at A. G. Ewing & Son's, Mount Union, Pa.

—The case of E. Robley vs Pennsylvania Railroad company in which such wide interest was manifested terminated suddenly at the session of court held Monday night of last week. All the evidence had been heard and the counsel for defendent withdrew their motion for a non-suit and asked the court to direct the jury to bring in a verdict for the defendant. Argument was had on this point at the close of which Mr. Robley's counsel withdrew the claim. This action was due to the belief that the court was against the plaintiff and by withdrawing action may be renewed at any time within five years.

New Goods.

New Goods arriving daily.
Come and see some of the bargains we are offering.
"Cash brings better bargains than credit."
So bring your cash along and get a bargain.

Respectfully,
G. W. WRIGHT.

HATS, BONNETS, CAPS,

Mrs. M. E. EVANS,

Now has the largest line of Fall and Winter Millinery, Dry Goods, Notions, and Furnishing Goods for Ladies, ever opened out in Mapleton.

Trimmings, Flowers, Birds, Wings, Feathers, Tips, Aigrets, Ornaments, Velvets, Cords, etc., etc., etc.

Dry Goods and Fancy Goods of so many kinds I can't itemize them. Come and examine them.

Mrs. M. E. Evans,

MARKET STREET, - MAPLETON DEPOT, PA.

Stage Route

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FROM FAR AND NEAR.

Important Occurrences in Various Parts of the Country.

Death of a Noted Southern Editor After a Short Illness.

Henry W. Grady, editor of the Atlanta *Constitution*, died of pneumonia at his home in that city a few mornings ago. About ten days previous to his death Mr. Grady went North as a special guest of the Boston Merchants' Association, in company with thirteen other well-known Southerners. He was suffering with a slight cold before he left Atlanta, and Mrs. Grady was fearful that he would become seriously ill during his stay in the North. After a reception at the Vendome Hotel, Boston, Mr. Grady delivered his speech on the race problem. He overexerted himself, and when he retired after midnight was so hoarse he could barely articulate. He left Boston for New York and when he arrived there he was all choked up. Physicians ordered him home at once.

Prayers were offered up for his recovery in all the churches of Atlanta. Mr. Grady first seemed to fear the result himself on the day before his death. He called in his private secretary and dictated a note of thanks to Colonel John A. Colvin for a floral token sent him, and, suddenly quitting this, he said:

"Send word to mother to pray for me. Tell, her, if I die, that I die while trying to serve the South, the land I love so well."

Henry Woodfen Grady was born in Athens, Ga., May 17, 1851. He was educated at the University of Georgia and at the University of Virginia. His father was a wealthy business man of Athens, and, although a Union man and a supporter of Bell and Everett, went with his State when she seceded. He was killed while fighting before Petersburg, where he commanded the 25th North Carolina Regiment.

At the age of twenty young Henry was editor of the *Daily Commercial* of Rome, Ga. He left it to go on the Atlanta *Herald*, which he made one of the liveliest papers ever printed in the South. It died in 1876. For four years Mr. Grady did work for Northern journals, and in 1880 bought a fourth interest in the Atlanta *Constitution*. Since that time unbroken success followed him. As a writer his versatility was great. His intuitions were only equaled by the acuteness of his perceptive faculties. His famous speech on "The New South" at the New England dinner three years ago made for him a national reputation.

Lawlessness in Oklahoma.

United States Marshal Jack Walker, of Wichita, Kan., has been called to Oklahoma to quell the rowdyism now so prevalent there, and which threatens to develop into a reign of terror. The Kickapoos and Seminoles, respectively the ins and outs in the City Government, wage continual strife, and, as the date of the new election draws near, the feeling becomes more and more intensified. The appointment of a deputy marshal as City Marshal has added fuel to the flames, and the reports of the trouble sent out from Wichita have still further separated the opposing factions. The other evening a party of masked men, armed with Winchesters, stopped a newspaper correspondent on the street and asked him if he knew a man named Thornton. That was the correspondent's name, and when they told him that they intended to riddle Thornton and every other newspaper correspondent with bullets, he sent them in one direction after Thornton while he escaped in another. Threats have been made against the lives of the Deputy United States Marshals, and Marshal Walker is calling for support from all sections, in order to be fully prepared for any emergency.

A Frenzied Mother's Crime.

Mrs. John Brady recently went to Huntington County, Penn., to visit her aged mother, Mrs. Lazier. She took with her her three boys, two, four and six years of age, and a few days later gave birth to another child. Subsequently she was attacked with puerperal mania. Jumpin from her bed, she attacked and beat her mother, and bit a piece of flesh from the helpless old woman's arm. Then going to another room she seized the little boys, and attempted to dash out their brains. Mrs. Lazier, weak from loss of blood, staggered to their rescue, but was thrust from the house by the frenzied woman, pitched from the porch, and then stamped upon. Mrs. Brady then lay in the yard, whence she was borne to her bed by furnacemen some time afterward. In casting her boys from her the second, aged four, sustained concussion of the brain and died. Mrs. Lazier was confined to bed by her injuries, and Mrs. Brady was in a serious condition. The latter's husband, who is a sea captain, returned from a voyage the day after the tragedy, only to find his favorite son dead.

Lynchers Get Rid of the Witnesses.

Several weeks ago Joe Vermillion, the house burner, was taken from jail at Upper Marlboro, Md., by masked men and hanged from a bridge. Two of Joe's brothers, who were charged with being accomplices, said at the me that they could identify some of the tinchers, and warrants were issued for the lyrest of some of the leading farmers living ar the neighborhood. They were to have in hearing in a day or two, and so a ful were they of being convicted fear they resolved to get rid of that rincipal witnesses. The plan agreed upon was to subscribe sufficient money to furnish a bail bond for all of the brothers and the father and send them out of the State. About thirty men called at the jail and had a talk with the Vermillions. After a consultation the brothers subscribed to an oath that they would go away, never to return, if liberated. Thereupon bail was furnished to the amount of $1650, and $50 was given to each of the liberated prisoners to pay traveling expenses. Next night they left the country.

A Fatal Cave-in.

A cave-in at Lane Mine, Angels' Camp, Cal., has buried seventeen men. The shift of sixteen men, under George Williams, went down the shaft in the afternoon. At 3 P. M. a mass of rocks and earth, loosened by heavy rains, fell into the shaft. Those familiar with the mine said that there was no prospect of rescuing the imprisoned men, even should they have escaped instant death. The mine is owned by Alvinzea Hayward and W. S. Hobart, mining millionaires. It is reported that the shafts were not properly timbered, and the dangerous condition of the mine was rendered worse by heavy rains, which had prevailed for three weeks. Most of the miners were married and had large families.

A CHARTER for the new city of Johnstown has been issued by Governor Beaver, of Pennsylvania. It includes the boroughs of Johnstown, Grubbtown, Conemaugh, Woodvale, Prospect, Millville and Cambria, the population of these boroughs being at least 10,000.

THE NEWS EPITOMIZED.

Eastern and Middle States.

ABOUT forty frame buildings, comprising nearly the entire business part of Petrolia, Penn., have been destroyed by fire. Total loss, $100,000.

TWO men were killed and three injured, one fatally, by an explosion in a quarry at Tompkins Cove, N. Y.

A MOTHER and child were fatally burned by the overturning of a kerosene lamp in New York city.

THE New England Society held its annual dinner at Delmonico's, New York city; speeches were made by James C. Carter, Chauncey M. Depew, John W. Noble, Mayor Grant and others.

A PIECE of timber projecting from a freight train raked the side or a passenger train on the Boston and Maine Railroad, at Andover, Mass. Fifteen people were cut and bruised and several ladies fainted from fright.

WHILE crossing the railroad track to the station at Kinzers, Penn., Mrs. Annie McIlvaney and her eleven-months-old child were struck by a fast freight train. The child was instantly killed and the mother was fatally injured.

BURGLARS who were surprised in Paul Rubert's jewelry store at Tarentum, Penn., by his wife shot her dead. At 2 o'clock next morning a man named Clark, a basket maker, was arrested as one of the murderers.

CHRISTMAS DAY in New York city and all over the country was characterized by exceedingly warm, pleasant weather, and summer sports were generally indulged in.

MRS DAVID EDWARDS, of Stepney, Conn., was thrown from her carriage and received injuries from which she has died.

Two young men, John P. Jones and William H. Palmer, of Bangor, Penn., were found dead in a room at the Pacific Hotel at Bethlehem, Penn. They had blown out the gas.

A SEVERE storm and gale which prevailed over a large territory in New York, New Jersey and Connecticut caused two deaths and injured five persons. The highest velocity of the wind was fifty-eight miles an hour. A cold wave followed.

THE announcement was made that the Erie Railroad mines, near Scranton, Penn., would close down; also fifteen of the Delaware and Hudson and other mines, causing idleness for 14,000 men.

Two old ladies, who lived by themselves near Syracuse, N. Y., were found asphyxiated by coal gas. One of them was dead and the other in a dying condition.

A THIN and withered man named Simon Spohn, aged sixty years, poorly clad and hungry-looking, stooped to pick coal on the railroad track at Reading, Penn., when a train came along and cut off both his legs, and he died in a few hours later.

South and West.

CHARLES STEVENS, first mate, and William Higginson, second mate of the ill-fated ship Durham, which was damaged by fire at Port Costa, were drowned in the bay at San Francisco.

WILLIAM EUBANKS, of Los Gatos, Cal., becoming incensed at his 16-year-old daughter's refusal to hand him her wages, shot and killed her. He then cut his throat with a razor.

ROBERT MARTIN, a merchant of Martins, S. C., was waylaid and killed the other night by unknown parties.

MRS. IRENE SKEELS, who shot and killed her husband while he was in the company of a variety actress, was acquitted of murder at Spokane Falls, Wash.

JOHN O'NEILL was shot and killed by his son-in-law, William Harris, at Butte, Mon. O'Neill was trying to shoot his wife, and fired at Harris first. The Coroner's jury acquitted Harris.

J. T. FOUNTAIN, of the Union Cattle Company, Omaha, Neb., was found dead in his room in the Coleman House, New York city.

THOMAS EMERY & SON'S extensive candle works at Ivorydale, six miles from Cincinnati, Ohio, have been burned. Loss estimated at $100,000; no insurance.

FACTIONS for and against the minister of a colored Baptist church at Kansas City, Mo., quarreled during services. Razors were drawn, and three men were fatally wounded. Forty arrests were made.

EX-EDITOR WEST, of the Chicago *Times*, has been sentenced to five years in the penitentiary for an illegal over-issue of stock of that paper.

JONAS TRAMBLE, a spiritualist preacher, killed himself at Wichita, Kan., while suffering from emotional insanity.

A BANK of earth caved in on three men at Memphis, Tenn. Walter Bodkin and an unknown man were killed, and Frank McLaughlin was seriously injured.

THE funeral of Henry W. Grady, editor of the *Constitution*, took place at Atlanta, Ga. A great crowd attended, and it was resolved to raise a monument to the dead editor's memory.

ALBERT REINOLD chose poison and William Turner a pistol with which to commit suicide at Salt Lake City.

FIRE among business houses at Vicksburg, Miss., destroyed property valued at $175,000.

DR. MUNROE, of Larchwood, Ia., in a fit of jealousy shot and seriously wounded his wife and cut his own throat.

IN a fight between whites and colored men at Nashville, Tenn., one man was killed and two others were fatally injured.

LEO CONNORS, aged twenty, belonging to one of the wealthiest families in Paris, Tex., was shot and killed by Chris Holt. Connors, who was drinking freely, was aggressive.

A HOUSE in Omaha, Neb., occupied by Mrs. Lena Schip, caught fire, and her three little children perished in the flames.

DEPUTY SHERIFF MARTIN, of White County, Ark., was assassinated while on the principal street of Beebe.

THE main building of the Western College, at Toledo, Ohio, was burned. Loss, $150,000.

A BOILER in Neff Brothers' mill, at Edmore, Mich., burst, killing Engineer John Welsh and Foreman Stedman. Charles Saunders and Charles Bowen were fatally injured.

Washington.

THERE was delivered to the United States Treasurer the other morning a large package containing upward of $83,000 in notes, checks and other securities, representing the money left by the absconding Cashier Silcott.

JOHN S. PARKER, a Grand Army man and formerly a well-to-do real estate dealer in Kansas City, Mo., committed suicide by jumping into the Potomac River, at Washington. Financial trouble was the cause.

SECRETARY WINDOM has invited proposals for the right to take fur seals on the islands of St. Paul and St. George, Alaska.

THE State Department is informed of the death of Robert J. Stevens, United States Consul at Victoria, British Columbia.

Foreign.

THE Grand Duke Ernest of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha will be asked to arbitrate the English-Portuguese dispute.

THE United States Steamer Enterprise arrived at Gibraltar. She had several cases of influenza on board and was quarantined. She did not wait to enter, therefore, but proceeded westward.

DESPITE the orders issued by the Government prohibiting the holding of meetings by the Salvation Army in Switzerland, members of that organization continue to hold open-air meetings in Geneva. The authorities have decided to adopt rigorous measures to suppress these gatherings.

THE town of Aci Reale, in Sicily, has been shaken by an earthquake. Several houses collapsed and many persons were buried under the ruins.

THE University at Odessa, Russia, has been closed owing to the discovery of the fact that a number of the students were Nihilists and were actively engaged in spreading their propaganda.

THE members of an entire family have been suffocated in Waldan, Silesia, by the fumes of coal gas from a stove in their bedroom.

FIVE deaths from the Russian influenza have occurred in France

WILLIAM J. MCDONALD was found guilty, at St. John, New Brunswick, of the murder of Mrs. McRae, to whom he sent, while insane, poisoned candy through the mail.

CIPHER dispatches from Rio Janeiro, Brazil, say that serious fighting has occurred in that city. It took two days to suppress a revolt of Monarchists.

AT L'Ange Gardien, Quebec, William Ford killed his wife and then attacked his daughter and sister-in-law. Failing in his attempt to kill them he set fire to the house and cut his own throat. The murderer and his sister-in-law perished in the burning house.

THE Provisional Government of Brazil has decreed that traitors to the Republic shall be tried by a military tribunal.

ALARM IN EUROPE.

Victims of the Influenza Dying All Over the Continent.

The influenza has become epidemic in all parts of Europe, and numerous deaths have occurred. In St. Petersburg it is estimated that nearly two-thirds of the population have been down with the disease. The Czar has suffered severely from the prevailing epidemic. He was too ill to attend church service, and was also compelled to omit the customary review of the parade of the Guards.

The public health authorities at Berlin reported a great increase in the number of cases of influenza, and an aggravation of the disease with an increase in the death rate. The fatal effects were produced by complications of pneumonia and laryngitis.

At Bremen the gas works have been short of hands in consequence of the number of employes down with the epidemic.

In Munich the disease at last accounts was increasing and the hospitals were full.

In consequence of the spread of the epidemic at Paris the hospitals were crowded, and the authorities were compelled to make extraordinary provisions for new patients. This was done by the erection of a temporary pavilion on grounds of the Hospital Beaujon. In the school of the daughters of members of the Legion of Honor at St. Denis one third of the pupils were ill, and the school was therefore closed.

In Brunswick the disease assumed a malignant type and there were many deaths, while at Frankfort the tramways have ceased operations because the employes were all ill. At Munich the transaction of business was much interfered with.

Thirty per cent. of the school children of Brussels suffered from the disease, and the schools were closed in consequence of the epidemic. The disease spread to all the Government offices, and a number of officials were prostrated.

A frequent sequel to cases of influenza in Vienna is an attack of inflammation of the lungs. A number of persons in the hospital who had been suffering from influenza were stricken with inflammation of the lungs, and several of them died.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

GREAT crowds continue to visit Barnum's circus in London.

MR. AND MRS. KENDAL met with as great success in Boston as in New York city.

THE New York Press Club tendered a reception to Wilson Barrett, the English actor.

ONE of the New York theatres gave a Christmas night entertainment to 1000 of the city's newsboys.

COMPOSER VERDI is spending the winter in a hotel at Milan engaged in making notes for a new opera.

SUIT was begun at Indianapolis over the copyright of the music to "Way Down the Suwanee River."

PAULUS, the famous singer who started Boulanger, has been singing lately in Vienna with great success.

HELEN BARRY'S COMPANY has disbanded and the actress has gone South where the weather isn't so cold.

THE President of the French Republic has translated into French "Macbeth," "Romeo and Juliet" and "A Winter's Tale."

ANOTHER evidence of Mrs. Langtry's complete restoration to health is some new and and very beautiful photographs taken in London.

PATTI is much disgusted with Chicago on many accounts, but chiefly because the critics there pay more attention to her hair than to her voice.

MME. ANTOINETTE STERLING, the well-known contralto singer of this country, long resident in England, has applied for admission to the Society of Friends.

MISS MARIE VAN ZANDT, the opera singer, says that she took her earliest lessons from the singing-birds that were kept in cages in her parents' home in New York city.

THE Australian actress, Myra Kemble, made a favorable impression in Robert Buchanan's play, "Man and the Woman," which was given at a matinee performance at the London Criterion.

THAT the public will support a Shakespearean presentation has been demonstrated at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York, where Miss Marie Wainwright's picturesque and handsome presentation of "Twelfth Night" drew large audiences.

LOUIS JAMES is making preparations for an elaborate and costly production of a new play in New York city next fall. It is a Spanish story and founded on historical events. Dion Boucicault, it is said, is arranging the new play for Mr. James.

BRANDON THOMAS'S "The Gold Craze," produced at the London Princess's Theatre, appears to have been a failure of the most irremediable kind, as was "The Spy," a story of the American Civil War, which was played by George Turner, an American actor, at the London Novelty Theatre.

THE intelligence that the surgical operation recently performed upon the neck of Lawrence Barrett will result in a perfect recovery is most welcome, as is the report that he will co-operate with Edwin Booth next season in the revival of some famous plays which have not been seen for many years.

RIOT IN A GEORGIA TOWN.

A Conflict of Races Results in Many Casualties.

The Governor Orders Troops to the Scene of the Trouble.

Some excitement was caused in Savannah, Ga., by reports that a "race riot" was in progress at Jessup, a village of about 1000 inhabitants, fifty-seven miles southwest of there on the Savannah, Florida and Western Railroad.

The trouble started about two o'clock in the afternoon, and was caused by the Marshal of the town, D. Leggett, who attempted to arrest a drunken colored man, who resisted and drew a revolver on the Marshal. He was immediately clubbed for his pains, and several other colored men who were standing by drew their weapons and began firing at the officer, who was seriously wounded in two places. The Assistant Marshal, Matthew Barnhill, hearing the firing, came running, but was shot dead before he could do anything. Seeing other whites coming, the colored men fled toward the Ogeechee Swamp, which lies near the town, and there rallied, and with several newcomers charged the town. They were met by resident whites armed with Winchester rifles and revolvers and driven back to the swamp.

As their number was constantly augmented by new arrivals, the Mayor of the town telegraphed for troops. A platoon of the Georgia Hussars, of Savannah, was sent to Jessup on the 3 o'clock train, armed with revolvers, sabres and carbines. Meanwhile the colored men made another charge, which resulted in the death of W. H. Woods, a cypress lumberman, and in the serious wounding of W. J. Woods, assistant station agent, the uncle of W. H. Woods. One colored man was also killed and several wounded. Three were captured and locked in the local jail. The colored men retreated to the swamp and only made one sortie, nothing coming of it.

When this report was written several well-disposed colored men were scouting for the whites, and the information gained by them, it was hoped, would result in the capture of a large part of the rioters. The list of casualties so far as known is as follows: Dead: Matthew Barnhill, Deputy Marshal, shot through the heart; W. H. Woods, cypress lumberman, shot in the heart. Wounded—D. Leggett, Marshal, shot in the face and through the legs; M. J. Woods, assistant station agent, shot through both thighs. Several others, whose names could not be learned, were slightly hurt. Among the colored men one was killed outright and several wounded. A second platoon of the Georgia Hussars was sent to Jessup at night to assist in patroling the town, and the Savannah Volunteer Guards, Third Battalion of Georgia, held themselves in readiness to march at short notice. It was thought, however, that the troops already there, with the townsmen and men from the surrounding country, who were pouring in rapidly, would be strong enough to quell the disturbance. Captain W. W. Gordon, of the Georgia Hussars, who is a veteran of the late war and a fine officer, was in charge of the white forces.

Later Details.

A party of unknown men attacked the jail at Jessup at 3 A. M., driving away the guards. In a few minutes the doors were battered in, and four men, entering the jail, shot and killed Peter Johnson and Bill Hopps, two of the colored men captured while rioting the day previous. The former had been wounded in the fight. The military were stationed about a half mile from the jail, but by the time a detachment arrived there everything was quiet. The commander of the military had suggested to the Mayor that a detail of soldiers should be put on duty at the jail, but the latter thought that the Sheriff and his deputies could protect the prisoners.

The most trustworthy information is that ten people were killed, namely, Barnhill and Woods (white), by Brewer; Anderson, (white), accidentally; Johnson and Hopps (colored), in jail; Fluett (colored), in the street; and two whites and two colored men whose names were not given.

A posse of twenty men, under command of S. White, left Jessup on the East Tennessee, Virginia and Georgia Railroad mail train for Lumber City, to intercept Brewer and his gang, who, it was rumored, had gone there for reinforcements. Brewer's mother lives at Lumber City, and it was suspected that, if he got out of McMillan Swamp, he would go to his mother's. A crowd of armed men, who returned from a trip to the swamp, reported that four colored men, strangers to them, were found there dead. Another colored man was found at home shot through the heart, and one with a flesh wound in the shoulder. It was reported that others had been killed, but officers had not found them.

TROUBLE IN TEXAS.

Scores of Citizens in South Bend and Richmond Imprisoned.

About sixty of the leading citizens of South Bend, Texas, are in jail, a late United States Grand Jury at that place having indicted them under the Civil Rights act, charged with running a man named Ferguson and six other colored men out of the county. Twenty-six citizens of Richmond are also under indictment for murder. Bail was secured for those whose offences were bailable. The aggregate bonds amounted to over $1,000,000. Twenty of the wealthiest men in Fort Bend County came down with the prisoners, and the bonds were also signed by capitalists from all over the State.

SAILORS DROWNED.

A Boat From the U. S. Steamer Albatross Upsets.

A boat containing eight sailors from the United States Fish Commission steamer Albatross and a crippled newsboy left the Albatross at Mare Island Navy Yard, California, and started for Vallejo. The night was dark and the tide running strong, and the boat upset when near the United States ship Thetis. A boat was lowered from the Thetis and five men were rescued. John Enright, a sailor who was on the Trenton at Samoa; Robert Padgett, machinist; W. W. Lee (colored) and the newsboy were drowned.

IN New York city it is estimated that $80,000,000 will be expended in house building in 1890; in Philadelphia, $40,000,000; in Chicago, $35,000,000; in St. Louis, $25,000,000. The smaller towns are growing even more rapidly than the larger ones. Electrical devices are making living in small towns more enjoyable.

LATER NEWS.

A PETITION, circulated through Oklahoma and signed by 30,000 persons, asks Congress for the speedy establishment of a Territorial Government.

A FARMER, Barney Fallis, was killed at Albany, Mo., by Silas Harrad and his two sons in a dispute over the sale of a farm. The murderers were arrested.

A PUBLIC meeting in honor of the late Henry W. Grady was held in the Opera House at Atlanta. Mayor Glenn presided, and Governor Gordon and others delivered eulogistic addresses.

AT 1:30 o'clock in the morning the Union Pacific steamer Oregon ran into and sunk the British ship Clan McKenzie at Coffin Rock, on the Columbia River, Ore. Charles Austin and Matthew Reid, two colored sailors, were instantly killed.

NAHDIEZAZ, an Apache Indian, who murdered Lieutenant Seward Mott, of the Tenth Cavalry, on Gila River, was hanged at Globe, Arizona.

MRS. RENA HUEH, a widow aged eighty-two years, of Newport, Ky., attempted to cross the Louisville and Nashville Railroad track, when she was caught by a passing engine and was frightfully mangled.

AT McGarvey's Station on the Pennsylvania road sixteen freight cars and four engines were wrecked. Fireman Charles English, of Altoona, Penn., was so badly injured that he died in the hospital.

THE Russian influenza is said to have appeared in Boston, Rochester, Baltimore and other cities. In Boston the Hollis Street Theatre was closed because of the illness of two actresses.

DURING the eleven months ended November 30, 1889, the number of immigrants to this country was 407,237, against 498,591 in the same period in 1888.

PRESIDENT HARRISON and party visited Lower Brandon, on the St. James River, Va., the home of his ancestors.

WHILE six young men were sleighing along the Frazer River road in British Columbia a tree fell across the sleigh, killing four of the occupants and the horses.

THE Chicago, flagship of the American squadron at Lisbon, Portugal, was visited and inspected by Senhor Frederico Ressano Garcia, Secretary of the Portuguese Navy.

HIGHBINDERS' VICTIMS.

Two Chinamen Murdered in San Francisco.

Two Chinese have been killed in Chinatown, San Francisco, by highbinders. Ung Hing was waylaid and shot by three men just as he was entering the Chinese theater. The police have identified Mok Lem as one of the assailants, and say the attack was due to a recent assault on Lem, in which Hing was implicated. Lem escaped injury, but his clothes were full of bullet holes. The other crime was the murder of Tick Ho Hong. Tick had the bad taste to dun a Chinaman who owed him money, and the debtor refused to pay and hired highbinders to slaughter Tick, and the work was done in thorough style, Tick being stabbed several times, from the effects of which he died.

EATEN BY CANNIBALS.

Four Men Killed and Roasted on the Soloman Islands.

Caplain Woodhouse, of the trading schooner Elma Fisher, the boat steerer Nelson, of the schooner Enterprise, of Sydney, Australia, and three of the native crew of the Enterprise were killed and eaten by the cannibals of the Soloman Islands. The Enterprise was trading among the islands, and the natives from Hammond Islands, one of the Soloman group, induced Nelson and the others to go ashore to make some purchases. Once on shore they were knocked on the head, and it is reported that their bodies were then roasted and eaten. The letter states that the British steamer Royalist shelled the village on the islands on Captain Hand learning the particulars.

THE MARKETS.

52 NEW YORK.			
Beeves	3 00	@	5 25
Milch Cows, com. to good	30 00	@	40 00
Calves, common to prime	2 50	@	3 25
Sheep	4 50	@	6 25
Lambs	6 00	@	7 50
Hogs—Live	3 85	@	4 15
Dressed	4⅝	@	5¼
Flour—City Mill Extra	4 30	@	4 45
Patents	4 65	@	5 40
Wheat—No. 2 Red	85¾	@	86¼
Rye—State	60	@	62½
Barley—Two-rowed State	53	@	54
Corn—Ungraded Mixed	35½	@	42½
Oats—No. 1 White	—	@	35
Mixed Western	27	@	29
Hay—No. 1	80	@	85
Straw—Long Rye	75	@	85
Lard—City Steam	—	@	5.80
Butter—State Creamery	20	@	25
Dairy, fair to good	12	@	23
West. Im. Creamery	10	@	20
Factory	9	@	11½
Cheese—State Factory	8	@	10½
Skims—Light	5	@	8
Western	7	@	10
Eggs—State and Penn	24	@	24½
BUFFALO.			
Steers—Western	2 00	@	4 25
Sheep—Medium to Good	4 50	@	4 75
Lambs—Fair to Good	6 25	@	6 50
Hogs—Good to Choice Yorks	3 65	@	3 75
Flour—Family	5 00	@	5 25
Wheat—No. 2 Northern	—	@	84½
Corn—No. 3, Yellow	—	@	36
Oats—No. 2, White	—	@	28
Barley—No. 1 Canada	65	@	67
BOSTON.			
Flour—Spring Wheat Pat's	5 20	@	5 65
Corn—Steamer Yellow	42½	@	47¼
Oats—No. 2 White	30½	@	35
Rye—State	60	@	63
WATERTOWN (MASS.) CATTLE MARKET.			
Beef—Dressed weight	4	@	6½
Sheep—Live weight	4	@	4½
Lambs	—	@	6½
Hogs—Northern	—	@	5
PHILADELPHIA.			
Flour—Penn. family	3 75	@	3 90
Wheat—No. 2, Red, Dec	81	@	81½
Corn—No. 2, Mixed, Dec	38¼	@	38¾
Oats—Ungraded White	—	@	32
Potatoes—Rose	50	@	60
Butter—Creamery Extra	25	@	26
Cheese—Part skims	7	@	8½

USEFUL CROWS.

Utilized in Omaha as Scavengers and Weather Prophets.

Recognition of Their Services by the Authorities.

An article has been going the rounds of the press regarding the great scavengers of Omaha—the crows. The article is correct, but it does not tell one-half of the peculiarities of the situation. The home of the crows, or to put it more correctly, their roost, is on "the island," a sandbar of some thirty or forty acres located about one mile north of the city. It is cut off from the river by a change in the channel, and although on the west side of the river, it lies within the Iowa boundary. This island is covered with a thick undergrowth and by willow and water birch trees of several years' growth. Here the crows have been congregating for a number of years past. During the daytime there are but few to be seen about the island, except a scattering contingent seemingly left behind to act as sentinels. But from sundown to sunrise there are thousands upon thousands of them on the island, and until the shades of night finally close the commotion about the place is exceedingly great. As soon as daylight appears the noise begins again, each particular crow seeming to clamor his very loudest as if with the object of reducing his neighbor to silence. Then as the sun uprears his head over the Iowa bluffs the roost breaks up into small parties of about a score, which start off in all directions to forage. Some of the crows spend the day in the back yards and alleys of the city and even in the streets of the quieter parts and make away with all kinds of edible refuse. In fact, they are the most careful scavengers the city has, and the local authorities have recognized their services in this particular by placing on the statute-books a law making sacred the life of the crows and upholding their "caws" in letter as well as in spirit.

Others of the crows visit South Omaha with the same intent. The packing-house there, however, turn out little refuse, as pretty nearly everything excepting the horns of the steer and the squeal of the pig is utilized on the spot. Other parties of birds invade the surrounding country for miles around, to come back again at night to their favorite roosting-place.

Jere Hill, an old character who lives in a small house on the northern part of the island, has found a new use for the crows. A long and persistent study of their habits and instincts has convinced him that the crow is the most competent and reliable weather prophet in existence. Hill told the writer a short time ago that he could tell what the weather was going to be twenty-four or forty-eight hours ahead as easily as though he had the full Signal Service reports. In fact, he says he has surer information than the Signal Service men, for they frequently err, while his crows never fail to tell the truth. "Why," said he, "every time we have a cold east storm you will see these crows rise up in a body and take themselves over the hill yonder into the sheltered Papio valley, and they will remain there until the backbone of the storm is broken and then come back, telling me that clearing weather is at hand. If there is a cold sleet or snow storm coming from the west or northwest, they will move across the river and take up quarters on the east side of the Iowa bluffs. The other day, before we had the frost, I noticed the crows fluttering around in a peculiar manner, and just before sunset they moved over to the swamp along Cut-off lake. I at once knew that there was going to be colder weather, and that the crows were seeking a warmer place near the water. They have plenty of other ways of telling me what to expect in the way of weather, and really I have got so used to them that I would be lost if they were to move their quarters."

The old man is likely, however, to lose his pets, as the island, which has never been built up, because of the fear that the Missouri river might some day take a notion to return to its old channel, is soon to be occupied by railroad yards.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

"Are these your paternal estates?" "No, they are my aunt hills."

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

CHARLEY'S PET SQUIRREL.

One day when Charley was walking in the woods near his home he found a little gray squirrel lying on the ground at the foot of a pine tree. It was such a baby squirrel that he felt sure it had strayed away from its home in some hollow tree and lost its way back. Charlie's first thought was to hunt for the tree and find the nest and give the baby back to its mother, but as he looked up he saw a great black cloud in the sky and felt a few spatters of rain on his face, so his second thought was to carry his foundling home.

He tucked the little furry thing under his jacket and ran home to his mother. As he held the little creature against his heart and kept it warm there he began to love it, and when he got home he asked his mother if he might keep it and take care of it and have it for his own pet. His mother consented, and told him she hoped he would always be good to the little orphan squirrel and never forget to give it food and drink and tender care.

Then she hunted up a basket and a soft old blanket that used to be wrapped around Charley himself when he was a baby, and she laid the blanket in the basket, so as to make a nice warm nest, and then she put the baby squirrel into it.

Charley named him Dick, and then as he had a name and a nest, the next thing was to find him some supper.

It was plain that Dick could not eat nuts, for he was a baby and had no teeth; perhaps he would lap milk like a kitten. Charley brought some warm milk in a saucer and put Dick's nose into it, but that only made him sneeze. Charley began to look serious, and his mother thoughtful, but she smiled as she spoke:

"When babies lose their mothers they have to take their milk from a bottle; let us see if Baby Dick will do that. Here, Charley, take this money and go to the drug store and buy a nursing bottle."

Charley ran down street as fast as he could, and soon came back out of breath with the nursing bottle in his hand.

At First Dick didn't like the feeling of the bottle against his fur, so Charley's mother covered it with soft flannel, and then Dick was satisfied. He would always put his baby paws around it and hold it close to him as he sucked away at his breakfast or supper.

It was such a funny thing for a baby squirrel to use a nursing bottle, that people who heard of it came from all directions to see the sight, and Dick was quite the wonder of the village.

I am glad to say that Charley was very faithful to his little pet; he never failed to have the milk warm and the bottle clean and ready, and Dick never went hungry. I wish all the babies in the world could have as good care as Baby Dick had. He soon grew so fond of Charley that he would not take his bottle from anybody else, and he would run all over the house after his little master.

In a little while Dick grew into a very handsome squirrel; his fur was silver gray and very thick and glossy, his eyes were as bright as stars and his tail was so broad and bushy that when he sat down and it spread over him like an umbrella it covered him all up.

By and by his teeth came and then he began to eat nuts. It was great fun to see Dick sit upon his hind legs with his great feathery tail waving over him, picking up nuts with his little paws and eating them so neatly. Everybody in the house petted the little rogue, and he led a very happy life.

Charley's grandmother used to sit at the window knitting almost all day, and Dick had a trick of jumping into her lap. One day as he was lying on her lap he smelled a nut in her pocket, so he found his way in and ate the nut and made a little visit there. After that grandmother took care to have a few nuts in her pocket every day, and roguey Dick found that out and made a real nest in grandmother's pocket.

He used to run in and stay there a long time and keep as still as a mouse. Indeed Dick was very fond of pockets. After awhile he got tired of sleeping in his basket, and took a fancy to the pocket of papa's overcoat. Every night when he was ready to go to bed he ran to the hat tree in the entry and climbed into his pocket nest, and slept there till morning. That was the nearest he could come to sleeping in a tree.

NEWSY GLEANINGS.

IT will take $37,000,000 to run the city of New York in 1890.

FOUR new ironclads are soon to be added to the British Navy.

ONLY twenty members of the present Congress were born in foreign countries.

THE Egyptian General Assembly has approved the abolition of the corvee or personal service tax.

THE Russian influenza in Russia is caught by handling money which has been exposed to the microbe.

HOG cholera is prevalent in Kansas. In Greenwood County alone the losses run up into thousands.

THE United States Senate has rejected a proposition to abolish the senatorial barber shop and bath room.

THE French Government has appointed a committee to examine the plans for a bridge across the English Channel.

THE canteen system established by the United States War Department is having an excellent effect on soldiers, and is reducing drunkenness.

THE storm in California has ruined thousands of cultivated fields, bridges and levees. The Santa Anna River worked over its banks southwest of the city of Santa Anna.

SINCE the passage of a law by the last Michigan Legislature offering a prize for the slaughter of sparrows, 284,000 birds have been killed in sixty-four counties at a cost of $8522.

GOVERNOR LARRABEE, of Iowa, has pardoned Samuel Tragdon. Tragdon has been serving a life sentence in the Fort Madison Penitentiary for killing a man who cheered for Jefferson Davis.

RUSSIA is increasing her field artillery. Hitherto each brigade had six batteries of eight guns each, but now each brigade will have eight batteries of eight guns, or a total of sixty-four guns, instead of forty-eight as hitherto.

THERE are at the present time in Germany upward of 600 co-operative creameries. Of this number 302 are situated in the province of Schleswig-Holstein, where they are chiefly engaged in preparing butter for export to the English markets.

MORE patents were issued from the Patent Office in 1889 than ever before. The total number for the year is 23,360, as against 19,585 for the previous year. This great increase has crowded the rooms used, and more room will have to be provided.

THE Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Pennsylvania proposes to distribute 15,000 copies of the bill passed by the Legislature recently, prohibiting the sale of cigarettes to minors, after which all offenders will be rigidly prosecuted.

TEN indictments for election frauds at the last Congressional election in the First District of Arkansas have been found by the United States Grand Jury at Helena.

Some Foolish People

Allow a cough to run until it gets beyond the reach of medicine. They often say: "Oh, it will wear away," but in most cases it wears them away. Could they be induced to try the successful medicine called Kemp's Balsam, which is sold on a positive guarantee to cure they would immediately see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Price 50c. and $1. *Trial size free.* At all druggists.

THE demand for small coins is so great that the Mint at Philadelphia is working night and day to supply it.

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure.

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We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

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Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

MORMON agents in Canada report favorably upon the Canadian northwest as a refuge for the saints.

Is it *economy* to save a few cents buying a cheap soap or strong washing powder, and *lose dollars* in ruined rotted clothes? If not, use Dobbins's Electric Soap, white as snow, and as *pure*. Ask your grocer for it.

THE Chinese Government is buying heavy Krupp guns for the northern forts.

A Chicago druggist retailed over 100,000 "Tansill's Punch" 5c. Cigars in four months.

Last Winter

I was troubled so badly with rheumatism in my right shoulder and joints of my leg as not to be able to walk. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla, and now don't feel any aches or pains anywhere, and it not only stopped the soreness in my shoulder and joints, but makes me feel as lively as a ten-year-old boy. I sell newspapers right in THE MIDDLE OF THE STREET every day in the year, and have been doing so for five years, and standing on the cold stones ain't no picnic, I can tell you. I can be seen every day in the year at corner Tompkins and De Kalb Avenues. —W. W. HOWARD, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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100 Doses One Dollar

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Apply Balm into each nostril.

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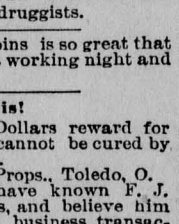

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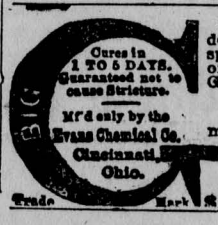

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